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YOE® COMICS
FORELOCK the WARLOCK
HAUNTED HORROR™
#3
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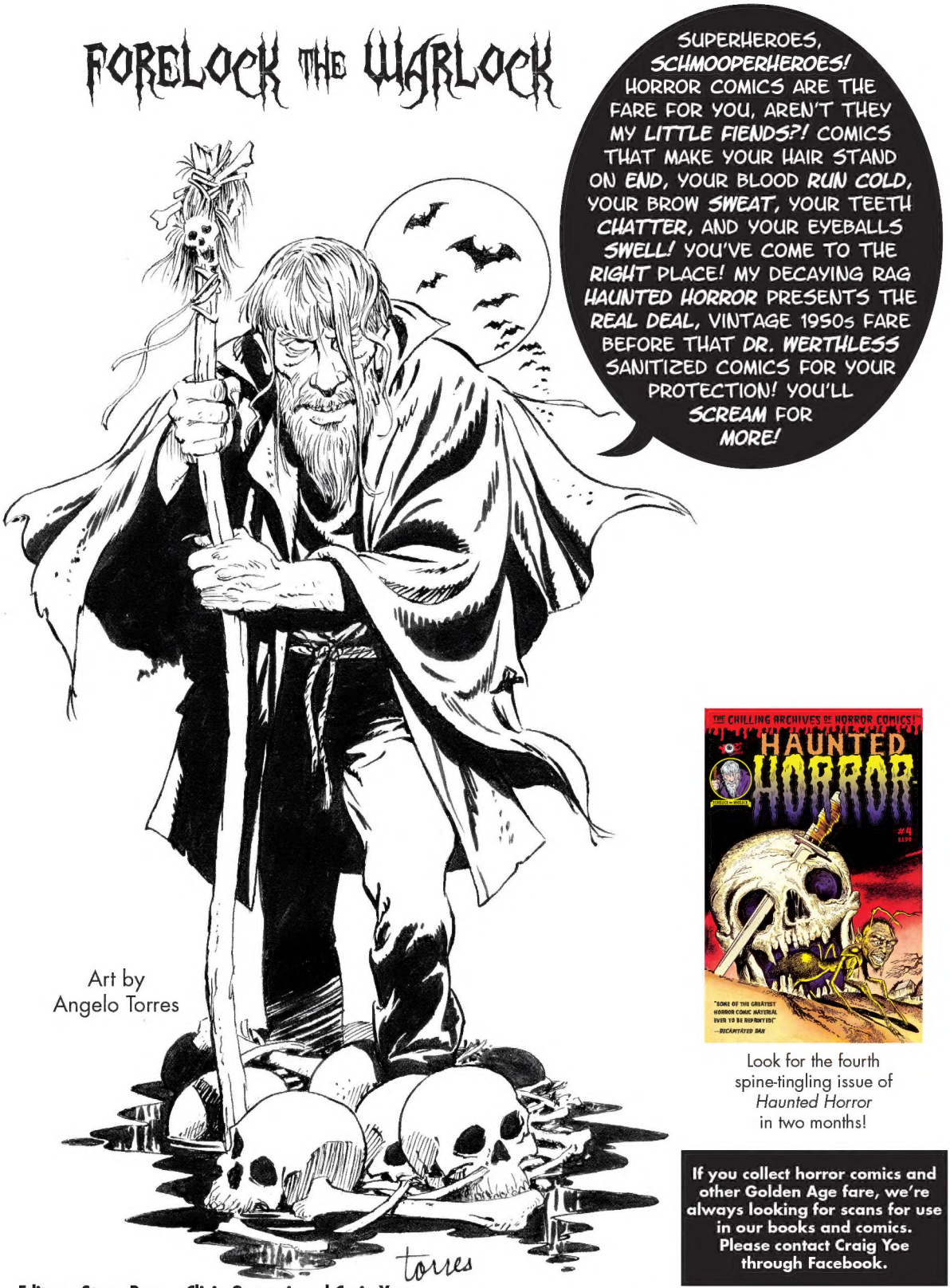
FORELOCK THE WARLOCK


SUPERHEROES, SCHMOOPERHEROES! HORROR COMICS ARE THE FARE FOR YOU, AREN'T THEY MY LITTLE FIENDS?! COMICS THAT MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END, YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD, YOUR BROW SWEAT, YOUR TEETH CHATTER, AND YOUR EYEBALLS SWELL! YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! MY DECAYING RAG HAUNTED HORROR PRESENTS THE REAL DEAL, VINTAGE 1950s FARE BEFORE THAT DR. WERTHLESS SANITIZED COMICS FOR YOUR PROTECTION! YOU'LL SCREAM FOR MORE!
torres

Art by
Angelo Torres

Look for the fourth spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.
Contributing Editors: Mike Howlett and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.

Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Alan Bartholomew, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr.

Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *Mister Mysteries* #6, July 1952. Artist: Tony Mortellaro.

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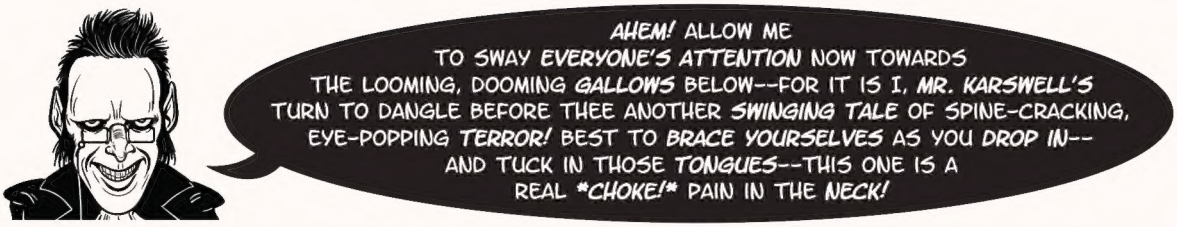
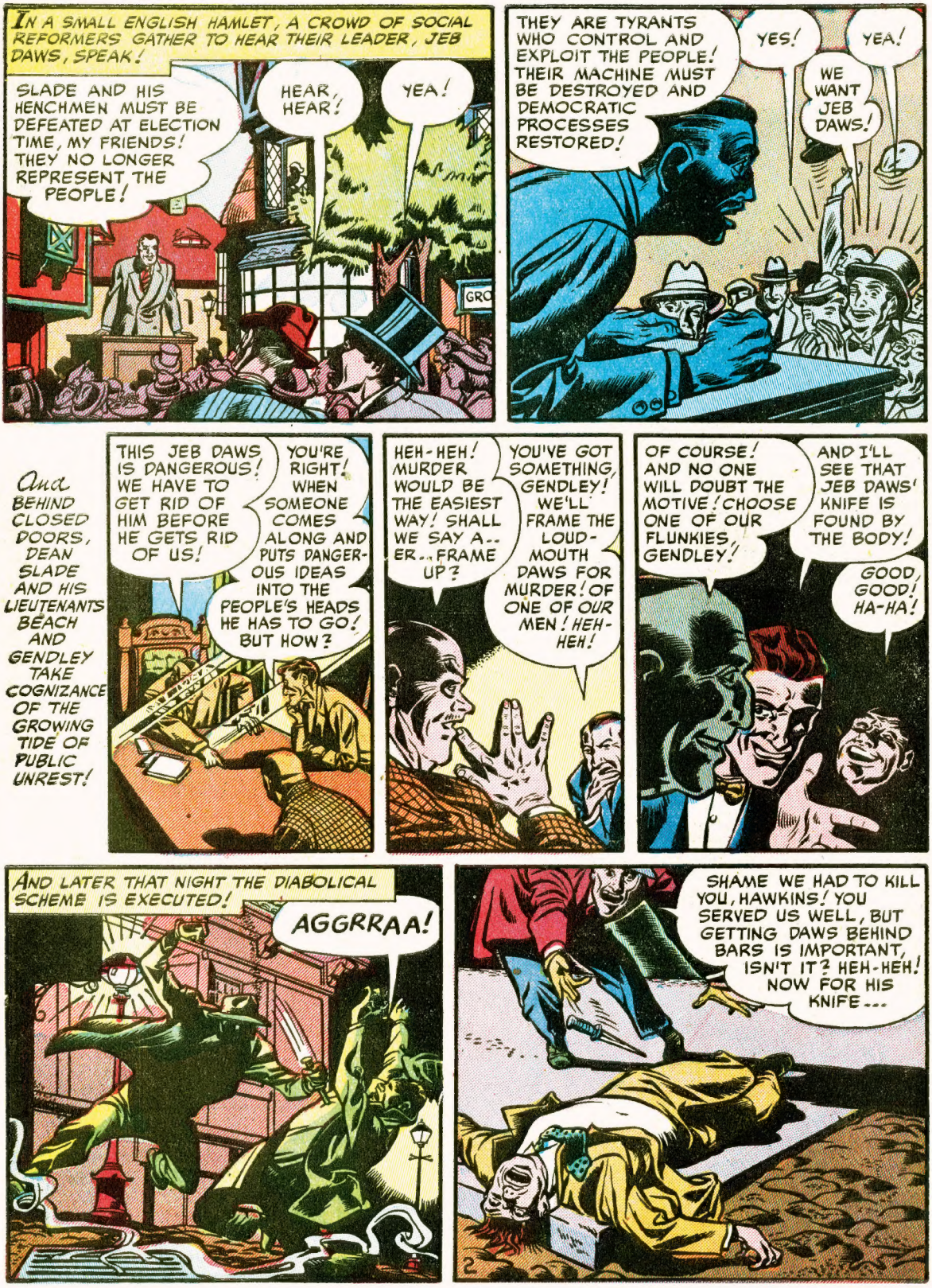

AHEM! ALLOW ME TO SWAY EVERYONE'S ATTENTION NOW TOWARDS THE LOOMING, DOOMING GALLOWS BELOW--FOR IT IS I, MR. KARSWELL'S TURN TO DANGLE BEFORE THEE ANOTHER SWINGING TALE OF SPINE-CRACKING, EYE-POPPING TERROR! BEST TO BRACE YOURSELVES AS YOU DROP IN-- AND TUCK IN THOSE TONGUES--THIS ONE IS A REAL *CHOKE!* PAIN IN THE NECK!

Art by Art Fuentes. Mr. Karswell's blog with his posts of pre-code horror comics is at: TheHorrorsOfItAll.Blogspot.com

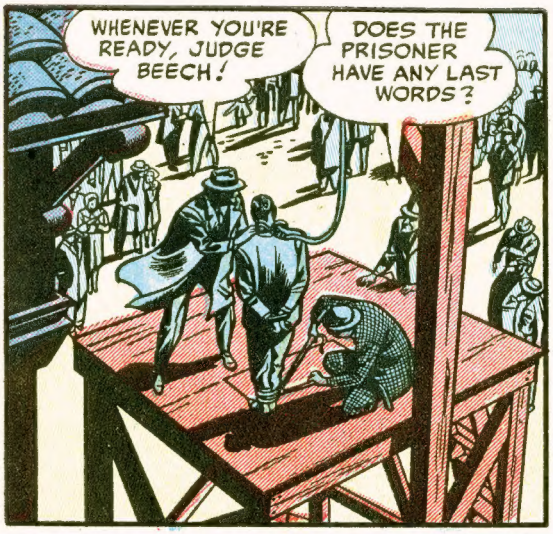
HANGMAN'S HORROR
THE WILL TO AVENGE VIOLENT TREACHERY IS INHERENT IN ALL OF US! AND IN THE STRANGE CASE OF JEB DAWS, HIS VERY DEATH ITSELF FAILED TO DIMINISH THIS FANTASTIC DESIRE!

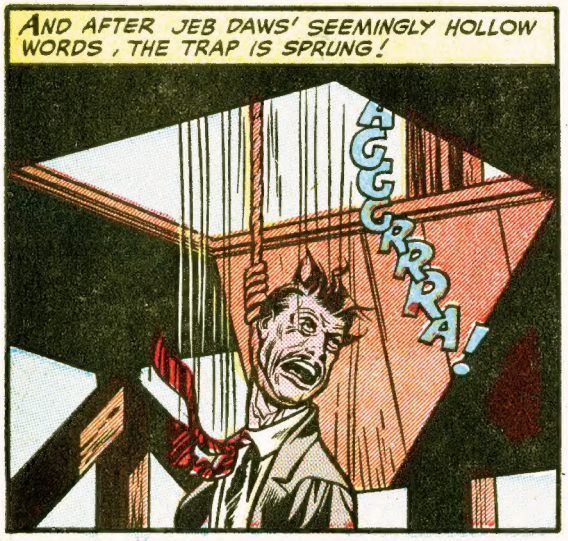
Web of Evil #2, January 1953. Artist: Jack Cole


IN A SMALL ENGLISH HAMLET, A CROWD OF SOCIAL REFORMERS GATHER TO HEAR THEIR LEADER, JEB DAWS, SPEAK!
SLADE AND HIS HENCHMEN MUST BE DEFEATED AT ELECTION TIME, MY FRIENDS! THEY NO LONGER REPRESENT THE PEOPLE!
HEAR, HEAR!
YEA!
THEY ARE TYRANTS WHO CONTROL AND EXPLOIT THE PEOPLE! THEIR MACHINE MUST BE DESTROYED AND DEMOCRATIC PROCESSES RESTORED!
YES!
YEA!
WE WANT JEB DAWS!
And BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, DEAN SLADE AND HIS LIEUTENANTS BEACH AND GENDLEY TAKE COGNIZANCE OF THE GROWING TIDE OF PUBLIC UNREST!
THIS JEB DAWS IS DANGEROUS! WE HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS RID OF US!
YOU'RE RIGHT! WHEN SOMEONE COMES ALONG AND PUTS DANGEROUS IDEAS INTO THE PEOPLE'S HEADS HE HAS TO GO! BUT HOW?
HEH-HEH! MURDER WOULD BE THE EASIEST WAY! SHALL WE SAY A... ER... FRAME UP?
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING, GENDLEY! WE'LL FRAME THE LOUD-MOUTH DAWS FOR MURDER! OF ONE OF OUR MEN! HEH-HEH!
OF COURSE! AND NO ONE WILL DOUBT THE MOTIVE! CHOOSE ONE OF OUR FLUNKIES, GENDLEY!
AND I'LL SEE THAT JEB DAWS' KNIFE IS FOUND BY THE BODY!
GOOD, GOOD! HA-HA!
AND LATER THAT NIGHT THE DIABOLICAL SCHEME IS EXECUTED!
AGGRRAA!
SHAME WE HAD TO KILL YOU, HAWKINS! YOU SERVED US WELL, BUT GETTING DAWS BEHIND BARS IS IMPORTANT, ISN'T IT? HEH-HEH! NOW FOR HIS KNIFE...

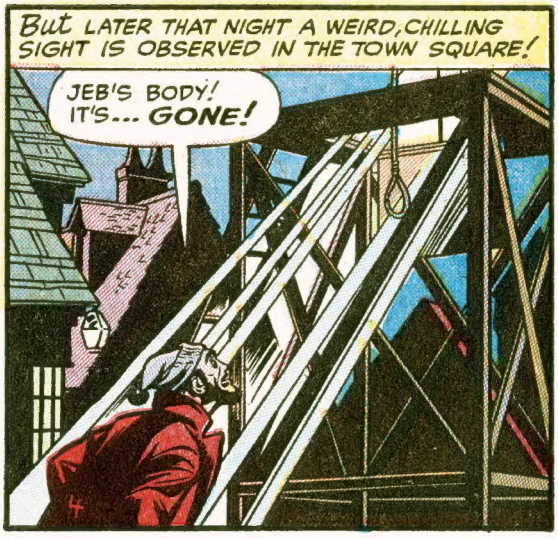
The NEXT MORNING...
IT'S HAWKINS! AND THAT'S JEB DAWS' KNIFE!
I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT! THOUGH I GUESS JEB MIGHT HAVE HAD REASON ENOUGH!
UNDER DANIEL SLADE'S IRON-FISTED REGIME, JUSTICE IS A MOCKERY! WITH THE ACTUAL MURDERER BEING THE PRESIDING JUDGE!
ORDER IN THE COURT! THE TOWN VERSUS JEB DAWS! QUICKLY NOW!
THAT'S RIGHT, JUDGE! I HEARD HAWKINS SAY THAT DAWS HAD IT IN FOR HIM!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MR. SLADE! COURT CALLS STEPHEN GENDLEY!
The "TRIAL" IS BRIEF AND RUTHLESS... AND OBVIOUSLY AS WELL-REHEARSED AS WAS THE MURDER ITSELF!
RECOGNIZE THIS KNIFE, MR. GENDLEY?
CERTAINLY, YOUR HONOR! IT'S THE KNIFE JEB DAWS USED TO KILL HAWKINS!
THEY LIE! JUSTICE ITSELF IS ON TRIAL HERE TODAY!
ORDER IN THE COURT!
I PRONOUNCE YOU GUILTY OF MURDER, DAWS! AND HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO HANG UNTIL DEAD TOMORROW MORNING AT DAWN! COURT DISMISSED! TAKE HIM AWAY!
SLADE! BEECH! GENDLEY! YOU WILL LIVE TO RUE THIS DAY!

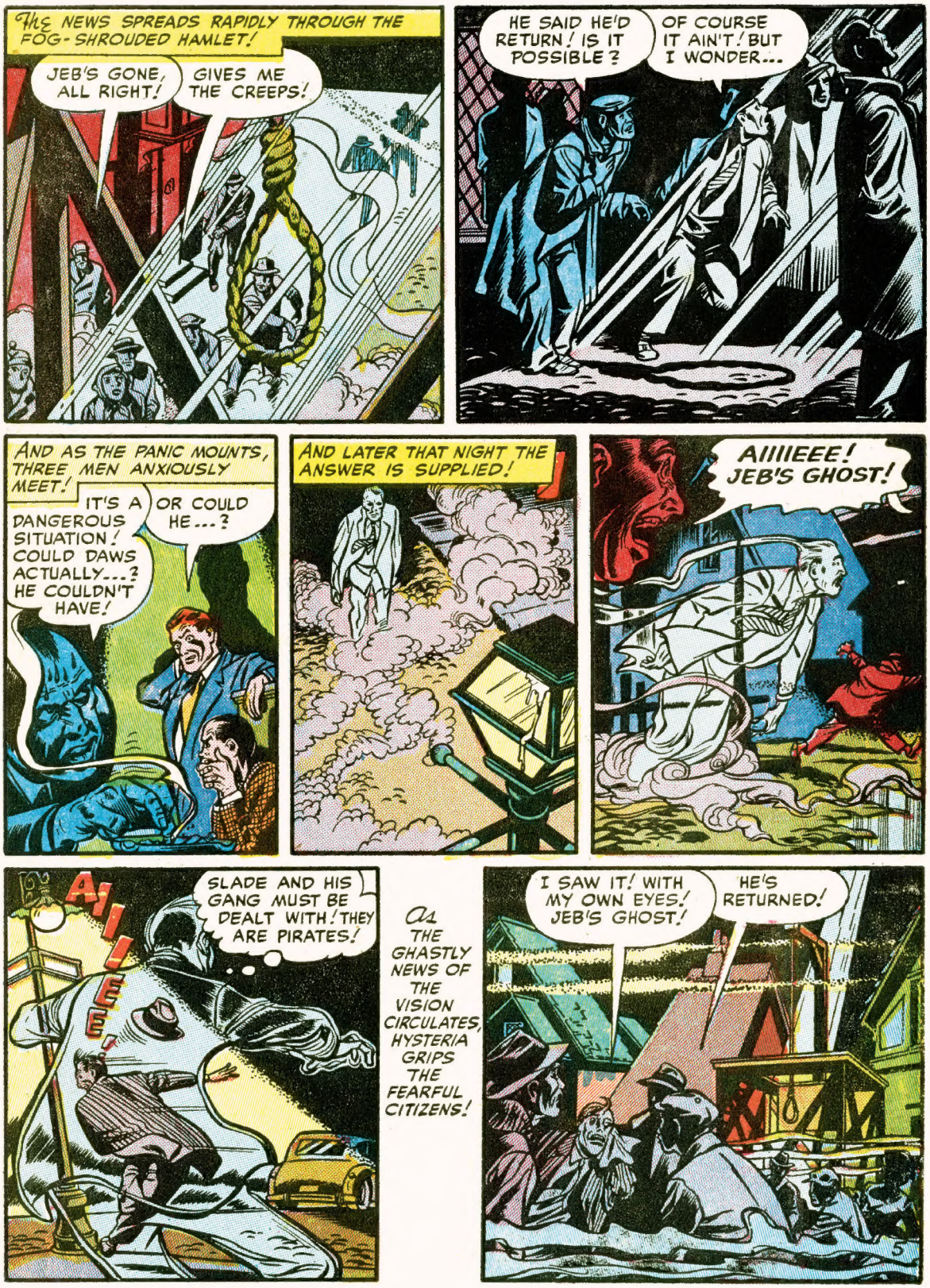
The FATEFUL MORNING DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR! JEB DAWS' FOLLOWERS WITNESS THE MACABRE SPECTACLE IN SILENCE, APPARENTLY CONVINCED OF THEIR LEADER'S GUILT!



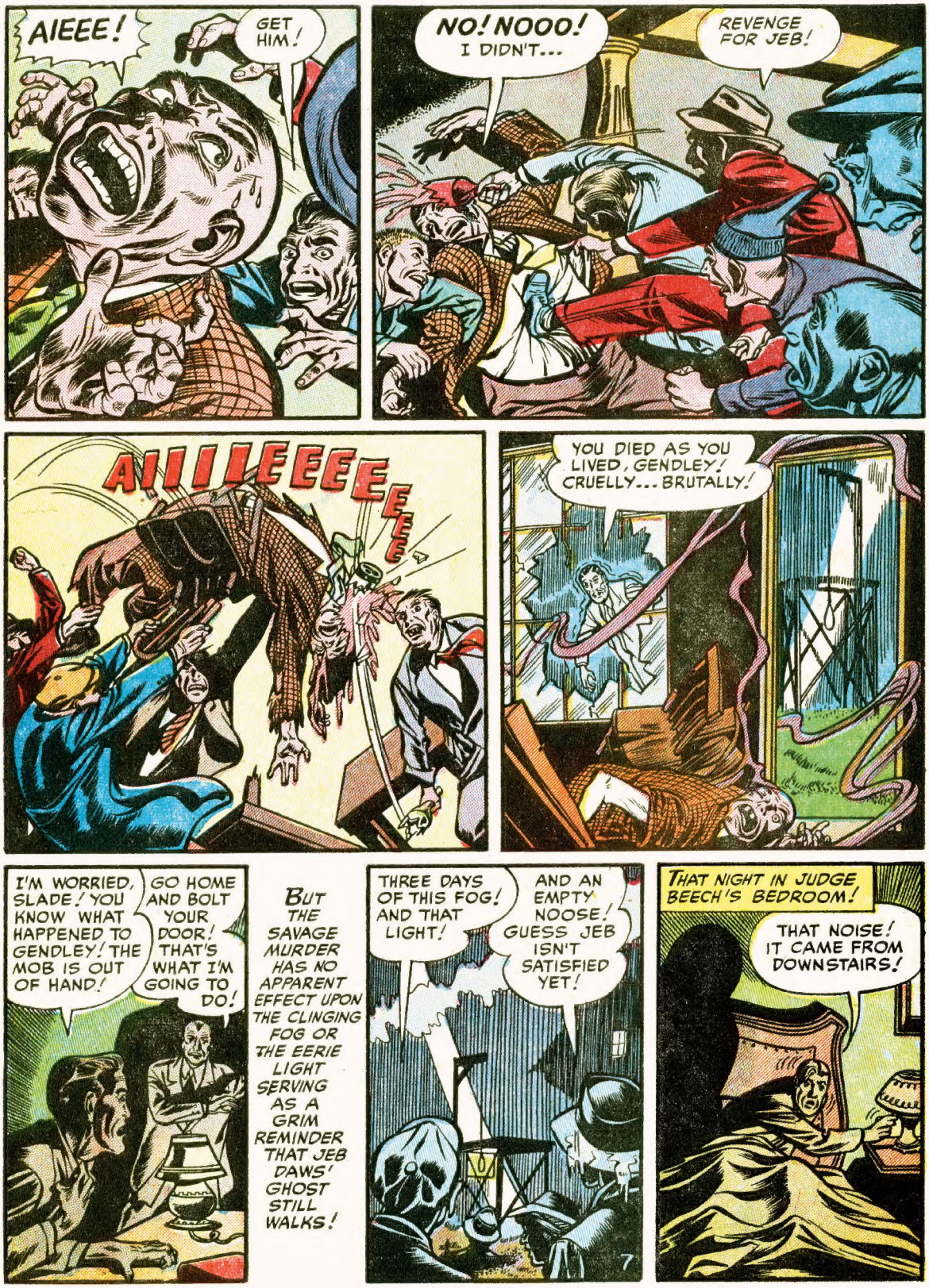


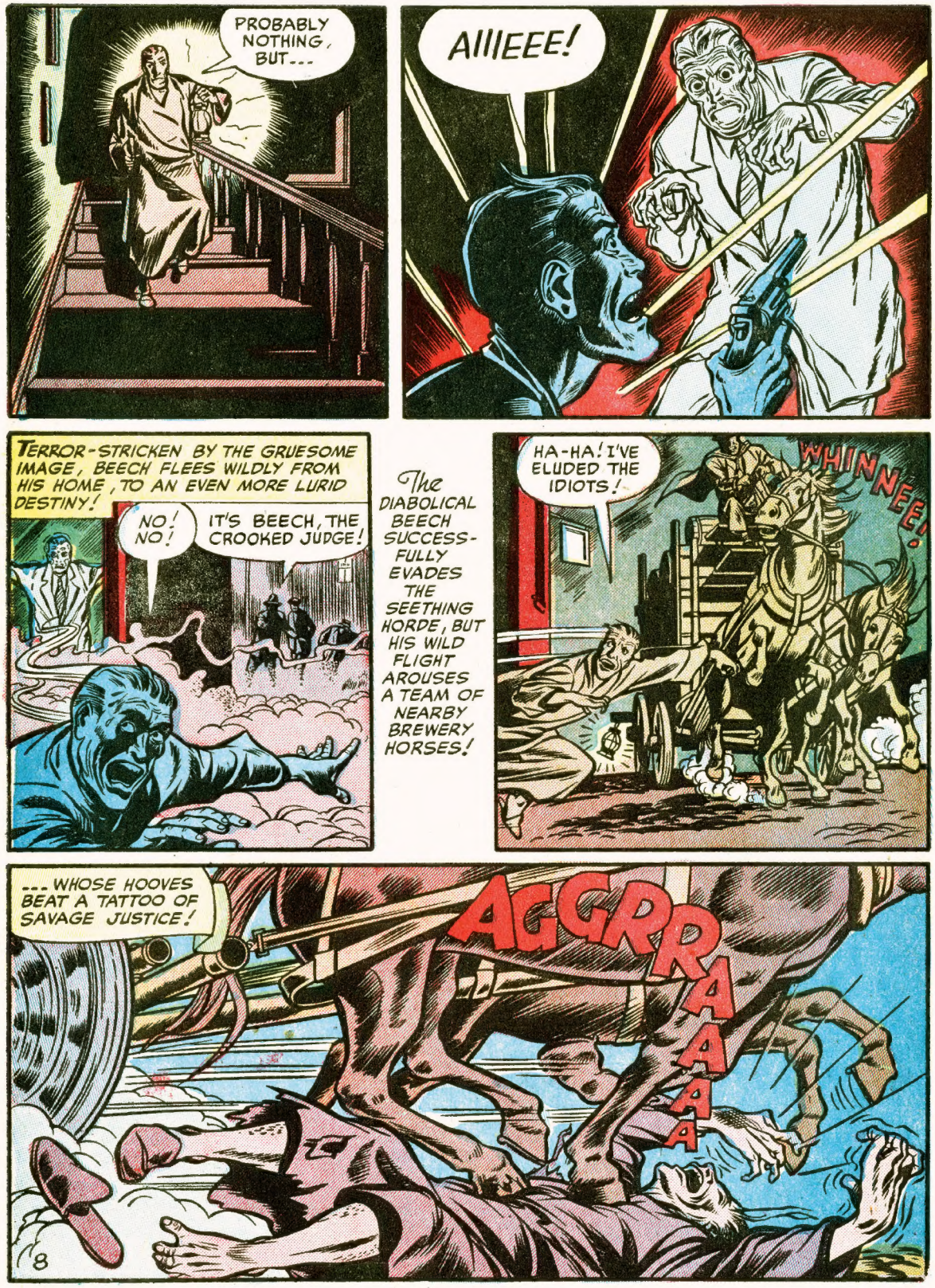
JEB'S DEATH IS SEEMINGLY PUNCTUATED BY A HEAVY FOG THAT ENVELOPS THE TOWN! BUT BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, THREE MEN GLEEFULLY TOAST THEIR TREACHERY!



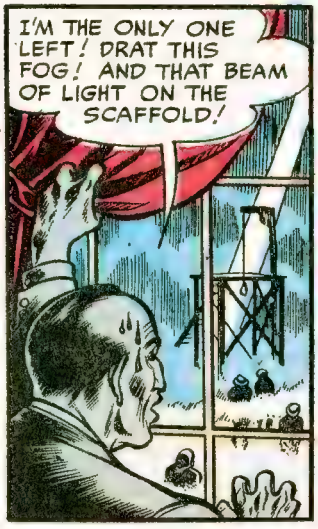

The NEWS SPREADS RAPIDLY THROUGH THE FOG-SHROUDED HAMLET!
JEB'S GONE, ALL RIGHT!
GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
HE SAID HE'D RETURN! IS IT POSSIBLE?
OF COURSE IT AIN'T! BUT I WONDER...
AND AS THE PANIC MOUNTS, THREE MEN ANXIOUSLY MEET!
IT'S A DANGEROUS SITUATION! COULD DAWS ACTUALLY...? HE COULDN'T HAVE!
OR COULD HE...?
AND LATER THAT NIGHT THE ANSWER IS SUPPLIED!
AIIIIEEE! JEB'S GHOST!
AIIEEE!
SLADE AND HIS GANG MUST BE DEALT WITH! THEY ARE PIRATES!
As THE GHASTLY NEWS OF THE VISION CIRCULATES, HYSTERIA GRIPS THE FEARFUL CITIZENS!
I SAW IT! WITH MY OWN EYES! JEB'S GHOST!
HE'S RETURNED!

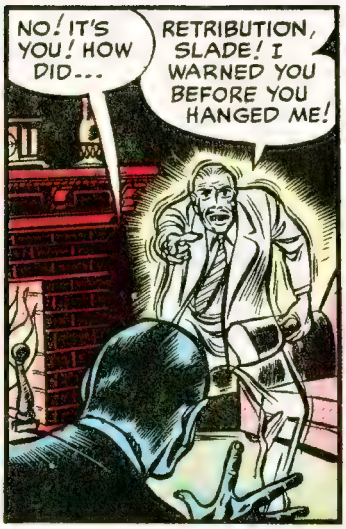
IN SLADE'S OFFICE, THE THREE CORRUPT LEADERS MEET! THEIR CONFIDENCE TRANSFORMED INTO ABJECT HORROR!
SLADE! I'M FRIGHTENED! DAWS HAS COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!
I KNOW! SHUT UP! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
LATER...
AS SURE AS HE'S COME BACK HE'LL HAVE HIS REVENGE!
I WISH THIS FOG WOULD LIFT! AND THAT BEAM OF LIGHT!
PUB
IT'S JEB DAWS!
AIIEEE!
AT THE SIGHT OF THE GROTESQUE VISION, THE CROWD GOES BERSERK!
...DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT MUST BE RESTORED...
THE GHOST!
AIIEEE!
HE'S DEAD!
Their FEAR TAKING THE FORM OF VIOLENT RETRIBUTION FOR THEIR LEADER'S DEATH, THE MOB VENTS ITS ANIMOSITY ON CLARK GENDLEY HIMSELF!
NO! I...!
GENDLEY! HE TESTIFIED AGAINST JEB!
6


AIEEE!
GET HIM!
NO! NOOO! I DIDN'T...
REVENGE FOR JEB!
AIIIIEEEEEEEE
YOU DIED AS YOU LIVED, GENDLEY! CRUELLY... BRUTALLY!
I'M WORRIED, SLADE! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO GENDLEY! THE MOB IS OUT OF HAND!
GO HOME AND BOLT YOUR DOOR! THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!
BUT THE SAVAGE MURDER HAS NO APPARENT EFFECT UPON THE CLINGING FOG OR THE EERIE LIGHT SERVING AS A GRIM REMINDER THAT JEB DAWS' GHOST STILL WALKS!
THREE DAYS OF THIS FOG! AND THAT LIGHT!
AND AN EMPTY NOOSE! GUESS JEB ISN'T SATISFIED YET!
THAT NIGHT IN JUDGE BEECH'S BEDROOM!
THAT NOISE! IT CAME FROM DOWNSTAIRS!
7

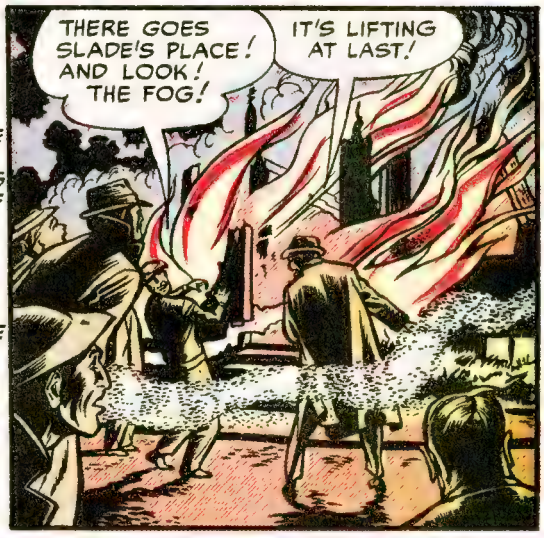

PROBABLY NOTHING, BUT---
AIIIEEE!
TERROR-STRICKEN BY THE GRUESOME IMAGE, BEECH FLEES WILDLY FROM HIS HOME, TO AN EVEN MORE LURID DESTINY!
NO! NO!
IT'S BEECH, THE CROOKED JUDGE!
The DIABOLICAL BEECH SUCCESS-FULLY EVADES THE SEETHING HORDE, BUT HIS WILD FLIGHT AROUSES A TEAM OF NEARBY BREWERY HORSES!
HA-HA! I'VE ELUDED THE IDIOTS!
WHINNEE!
---WHOSE HOOVES BEAT A TATTOO OF SAVAGE JUSTICE!
AGGRRAAAAA
8

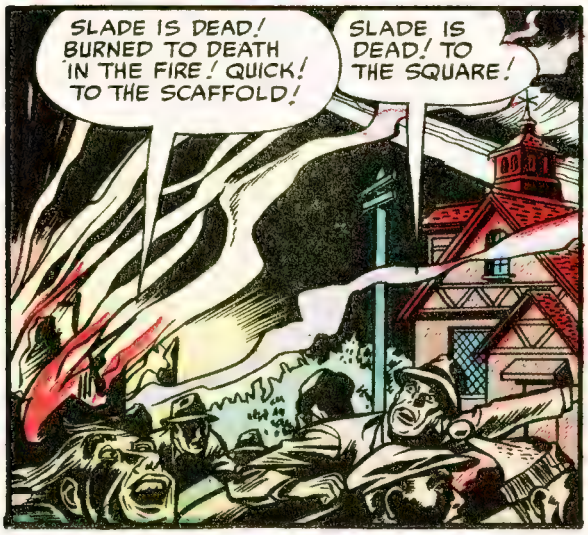
The NEXT EVENING IN SLADE'S HOME--- WHERE THE SOLE REMAINING PERPETRATOR OF JEB DAWS' DEATH WAITS IN MOUNTING HORROR!

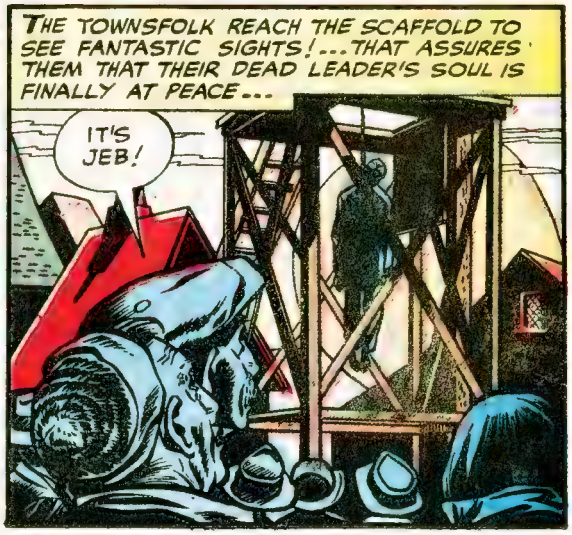




The PEOPLE WHO GATHER TO WATCH SLADE'S HOME CONSUMED IN THE BLAZING INFERNO ARE UNAWARE OF THE HATED POLITICIAN'S DEATH OR THE STRUGGLE THAT LED TO IT! BUT SUDDENLY...






THE TOWNSFOLK REACH THE SCAFFOLD TO SEE FANTASTIC SIGHTS!...THAT ASSURES THEM THAT THEIR DEAD LEADER'S SOUL IS FINALLY AT PEACE...
IT'S JEB!

THE THING IN THE POOL
DO YOU LIKE TO SWIM? IS IT YOUR IDEA OF HEAVEN ON EARTH TO TAKE A LEISURELY DIP IN A POOL? WELL, DON'T! OR, LIKE ANN AND GEORGE WINSOR, YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF ENSNARLED IN THE WRIGGLING, CHOKING TENTACLES OF... 'THE THING IN THE POOL'!
Myron Fass

Tales of Horror #2, September 1952. Artist: Myron Fass

THE OFFICE-RESIDENCE OF SEBASTIAN CORDAY, FAMED BUILDER OF ULTRA-MODERN HOMES...

CORDAY IS IN AN ILL HUMOR WHEN....

YOU'RE LATE FOR WORK, ANN. I WARN YOU, IT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

IT WON'T, MR. CORDAY... I'M QUITTING! YOU'D BETTER GET A NEW SECRETARY!

I'M GETTING MARRIED TO GEORGE WINSOR ...A WONDERFUL GUY!

I'M THE LUCKY ONE, MR. CORDAY!

NO! I WON'T PERMIT IT!

YOU CAN'T MARRY THAT SHALLOW NONENTITY! I WON'T LET YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!

I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH YOU FOR MONTHS! I WON'T ***LET*** YOU MARRY ANYONE ELSE!

I...I'M SORRY! LET GO ...YOU'RE HURTING ME!

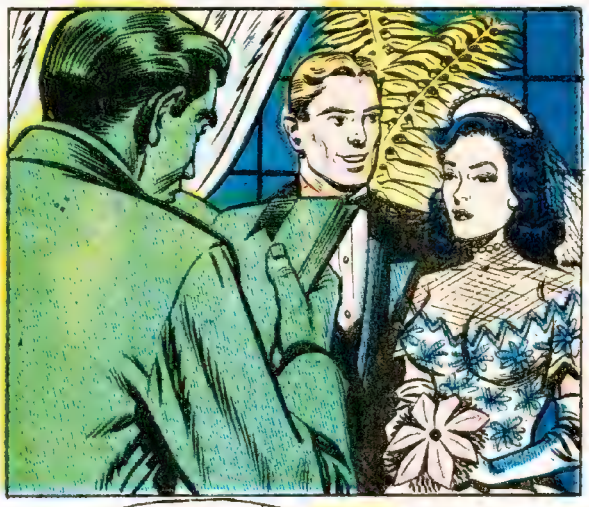
BEFORE I'D LET YOU MARRY ANYONE ELSE I'D ***KILL*** YOU! ***SAY YOU WON'T MARRY HIM!! SAY IT!***

GEORGE, HE'S HURTING MY ARM! STOP HIM!

LET GO OF HER, YOU MANGY DOG!

LOVE ... HATE! MENTAL SCIENCE KNOWS THAT ONLY A THIN VEIL SEPARATES THE TWO...

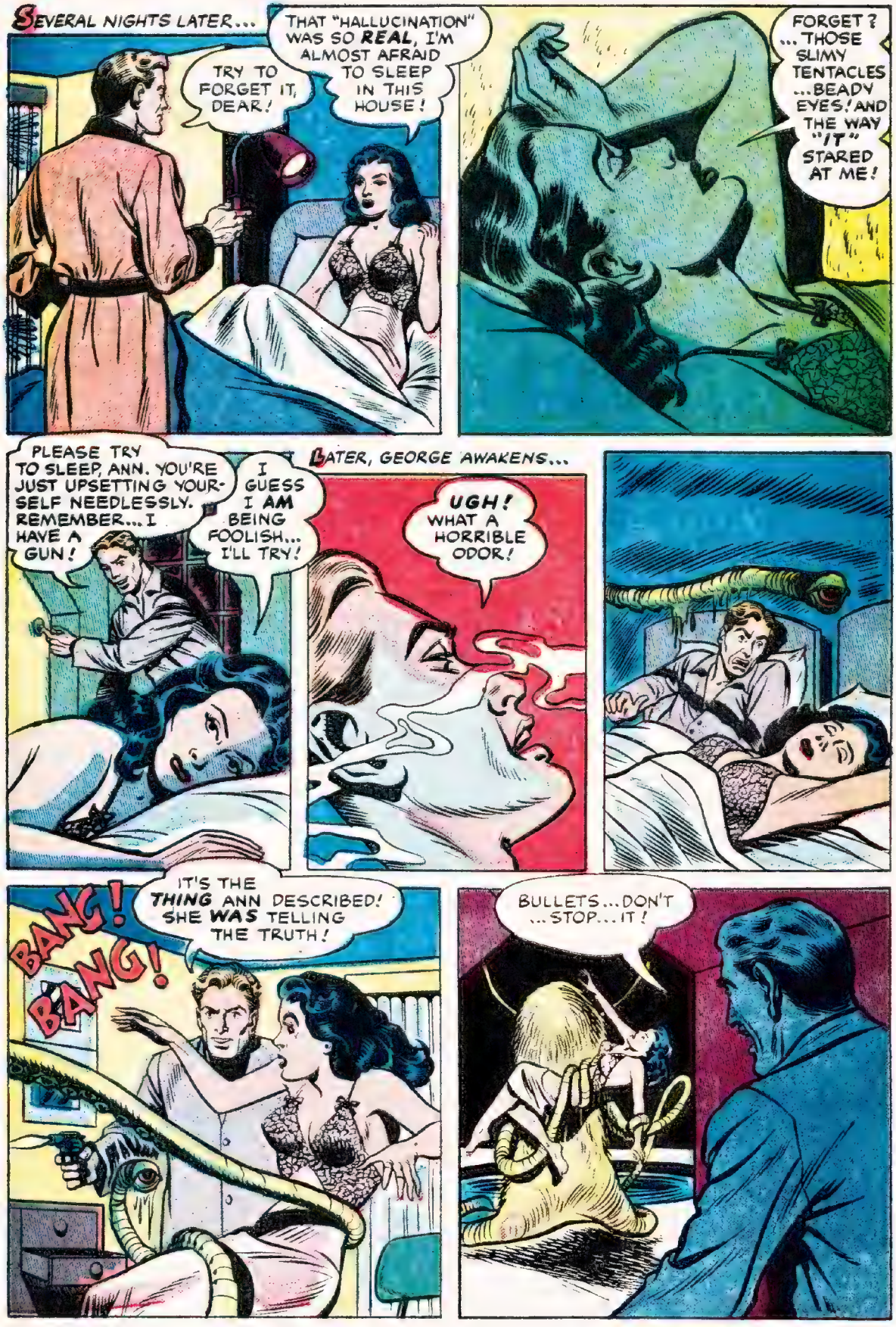
ANN AND GEORGE TRIED TO FORGET THE EPISODE... AN EASY TASK, FOR THEY WERE FULL OF THEIR NEW-FOUND HAPPINESS...

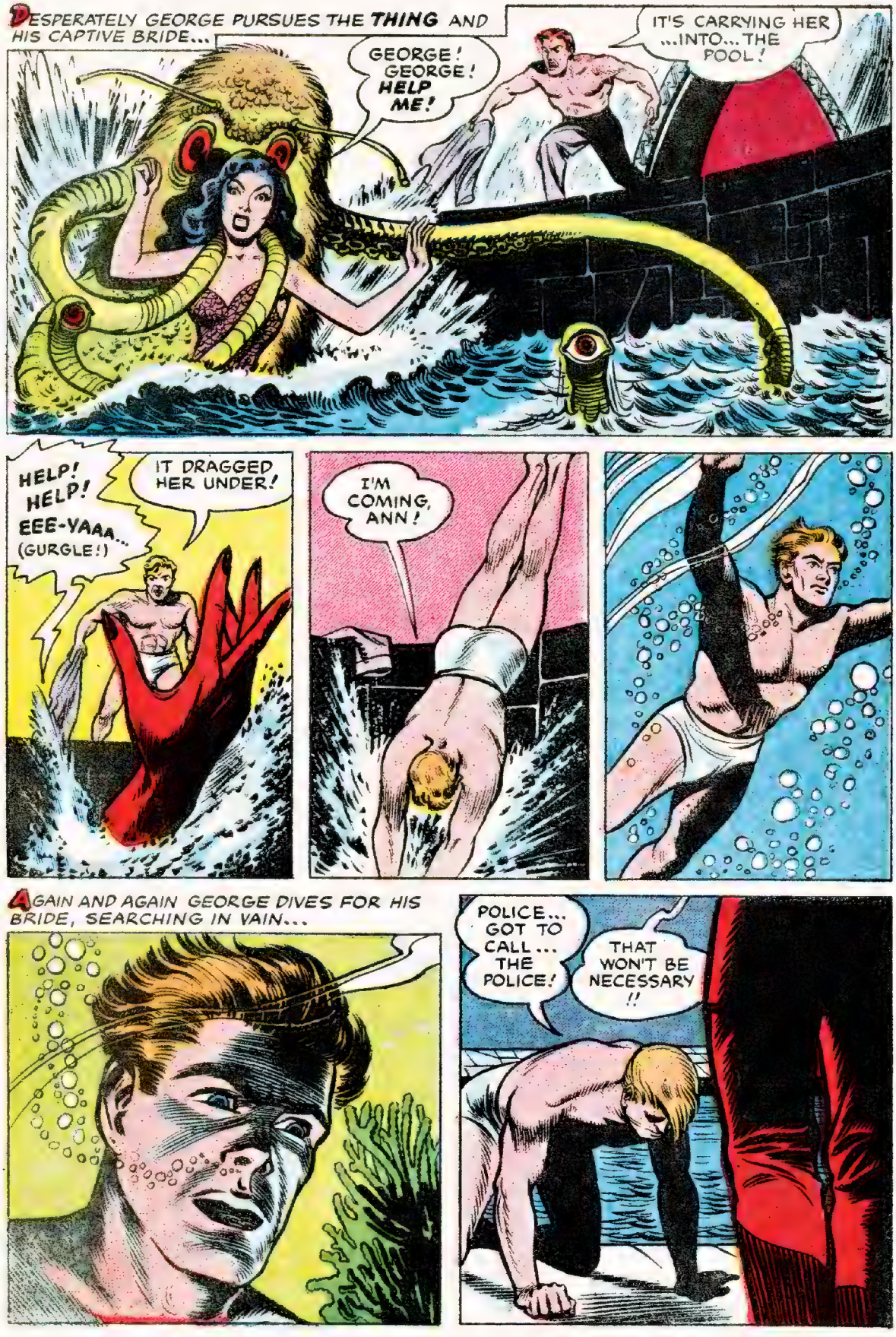


A YEAR LATER ...

LOOK, CORDAY... IF YOU'VE COME TO MAKE TROUBLE...
ON THE CONTRARY...
...I'VE COME TO MAKE AMENDS! I REGRET MY BOORISH TANTRUM...
OKAY, SO YOU'RE SORRY! WE FORGIVE YOU... NOW GOOD-BYE!
NO! YOU MUST LET ME PROVE HOW GENUINE MY REMORSE IS. COME WITH ME... I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR BOTH OF YOU!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW...
AND AS CORDAY DRIVES ANN AND GEORGE WINSOR INTO CANYON COUNTRY...
WHAT IS THIS SURPRISE ??
I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ANTICIPATION!
BEHOLD... THE ACME OF MY ARCHITECTURAL ART... A MAGNIFICENT TRIUMPH!
MIGHTY IMPRESSIVE! BUT WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH ANN AND ME?
IT'S ALL YOURS !!
SURELY YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'RE GIVING US THIS MANSION! IT MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE!
YOU COULDN'T !!
I INSIST!!

NOT THE LEAST OF THE SPECTACULAR FEATURES OF MY CREATION IS THE INDOOR SWIMMING POOL!
ALL OURS! I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS !!
YOU HAVE THE KEY AND THE DEED... ENJOY!
IT'S A WONDERFUL DREAM! AND I THOUGHT CORDAY A CRUEL MONSTER !!
WHAT A POOL !!
A FEW NIGHTS LATER...
GEORGE! THAT GHASTLY SCREAM!
IT SOUNDS LIKE OUR HANDYMAN, KEETO!
EE-AGH
EEE-YAAAA
ANN! WAIT FOR ME!
SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING TO HIM!
OH, NO! NO-O-O! UH-H-H!
ANN! ANN! WHERE'S KEETO? WHAT HAPPENED?
IT WAS HORRIBLE! AN UNSPEAKABLE TENTACLED THING...DRAGGING HIM DOWN INTO THE POOL!
AND WHEN THE LAW ARRIVES...
KEETO'S DISAPPEARED, ALL RIGHT... BUT AS TO YOUR STORY ABOUT A MONSTER...
... AN OBVIOUS HALLUCINATION!

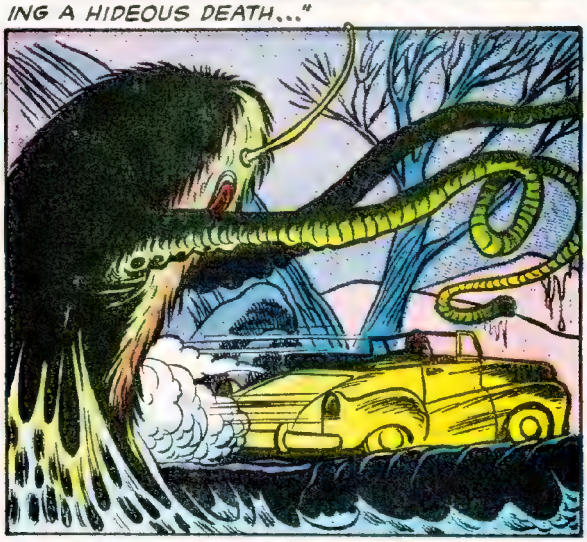

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...
THAT "HALLUCINATION" WAS SO REAL, I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO SLEEP IN THIS HOUSE!
TRY TO FORGET IT, DEAR!
FORGET? ...THOSE SLIMY TENTACLES ...BEADY EYES! AND THE WAY "IT" STARED AT ME!
LATER, GEORGE AWAKENS...
PLEASE TRY TO SLEEP, ANN. YOU'RE JUST UPSETTING YOURSELF NEEDLESSLY. REMEMBER... I HAVE A GUN!
I GUESS I AM BEING FOOLISH... I'LL TRY!
UGH! WHAT A HORRIBLE ODOR!
BANG! BANG!
IT'S THE THING ANN DESCRIBED! SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!
BULLETS... DON'T ...STOP... IT!


DESPERATELY GEORGE PURSUES THE THING AND HIS CAPTIVE BRIDE...
GEORGE! GEORGE! HELP ME!
IT'S CARRYING HER ...INTO... THE POOL!
HELP! HELP! EEE-YAAA... (GURGLE!)
IT DRAGGED HER UNDER!
I'M COMING, ANN!
AGAIN AND AGAIN GEORGE DIVES FOR HIS BRIDE, SEARCHING IN VAIN...
POLICE... GOT TO CALL... THE POLICE!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY !!

SEBASTIAN CORDAY! THANK GOODNESS...GASP...YOU'RE HERE! LET ME...GASP...TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!
LET ME TELL YOU!
YOUR PRECIOUS BRIDE IS DEAD... DESTROYED BY A GHASTLY MONSTER OUT OF THAT POOL!
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
BECAUSE I PLANNED IT THAT WAY!!
YOU TRUSTING FOOL! DID YOU THINK I WOULD LET YOU STEAL THE GIRL I LOVED AND NOT PLAN REVENGE?
BUT WHAT POSSIBLE CONNECTION COULD YOU HAVE WITH THAT THING IN THE POOL?
A YEAR AGO, WHEN ANN JILTED ME, I DROVE OUT TO THIS SECTION OF CANYON COUNTRY AND PARKED, BY CHANCE, NEAR THIS POOL!
"...AND AS I WAS PARKED IN THE NIGHT, DEEP IN THOUGHT, UNDULATING TENTACLES REACHED TOWARD MY THROAT..."

"...I GLANCED UP TO A NIGHTMARISH HORROR SLOBBERING AT ME..."

"...I STEPPED ON THE GAS... NARROWLY ESCAPING A HIDEOUS DEATH..."



"...THE SLIMY BEAST SHRIEKED ITS ANGER...ITS RED MAW GNASHING OPEN AND SHUT IN BAFFLED FRUSTRATION..."

"...AND AS I WATCHED FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, THE THING SCUTTLED BACK INTO THE SHELTERING DEPTHS OF THE POOL!"

I REALIZED THAT THIS UNSPEAKABLE CREATURE WAS A SURVIVOR FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES WHICH VENTURES OUT OF THE POOL AT NIGHT!

IT WAS THEN THAT I GOT MY MASTERFUL INSPIRATION FOR REVENGE...TO BUILD A HOME OVER THAT POOL OF HORROR... AND PRESENT IT TO YOU TRUSTING, DOOMED FOOLS!

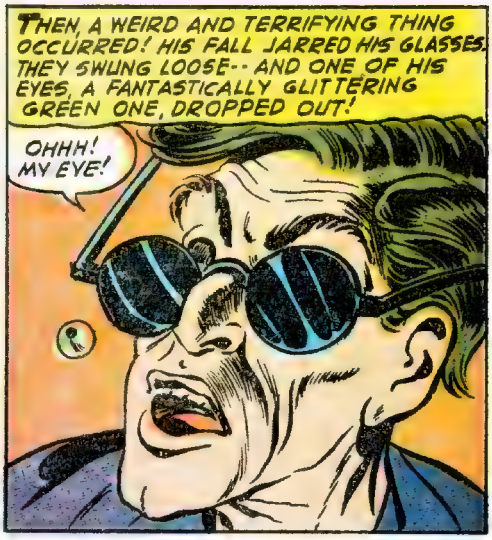
YOU DELIBERATELY PLANNED ALL THIS? YOU FILTHY COWARD...
YES...HA, HA! DELIBER-ATELY!
ANN WAS DESTROYED... AND NOW ITS YOUR TURN!
YAA-AAA!
HA! HA! THE REVENGE OF SEBASTIAN CORDAY!
HA, HA, HAAA-AA! AGHH-H ?!!
NO! NOT ME! NOT ME! EEE-EE-EE-AAAA !!
FOR SALE, CHEAP... AN ULTRA-MODERN MANSION WHOSE OCCUPANTS HAVE MYS-TERIOUSLY DISAP-PEARED!
FOR SALE
ARE YOU INTER-ESTED? ? IF SO, DROP IN !
THE END

WEIRD WORLDS
WHAT IS A DIMENSION? IMAGINE THAT OUR WORLD IS A TUBE ONE FOOT LONG AND ONE INCH IN DIAMETER. WE LIVE IN THAT TUBE. HOWEVER, THERE MAY BE OTHER TUBES OF LIFE WHICH WE DO NOT KNOW ABOUT... WHICH WE CAN'T IMAGINE! THEY ARE THE... DIMENSIONS DANGER!
THE TWELFTH DIMENSION IS THE WORLD OF THE "JELLY HORROR!" HERE, UNSEEN BY OUR EYES, HUGE GLOBS OF ORANGE JELLY SLIDE BACK AND FORTH. THEY HAVE THE POWER TO SWALLOW UP AN ENTIRE CITY!
DIMENSION Z HAS LIFE SIMILAR TO OURS. WHEN OUR DIMENSION CAME TO BE, IT SOMEHOW SEPARATED FROM US. THE LIVING THINGS IN IT LOOK LIKE MEN BUT HAVE NO MINDS... JUST THE INSANE DESIRE TO KILL AND EAT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT...
HAVING NO BODIES, JUST SWIRLING RINGS OF ATOMS, THE "THINGS" OF DIMENSION INVISIBLE HAVE DEVELOPED SCREECHING VOICES. TO ENTER THEIR DIMENSION, ONE WOULD SEE NOTHING BUT HEAR SHRILL CRIES, SO POWERFUL AS TO CRACK OUR SKULLS LIKE EGG-SHELLS.
EEEIGHHHH
HHHH
IN DIMENSION 9, THERE EXIST SLIMY, CRAWLING MONSTERS WHO LIVE IN WATER. THEY LIVE IN THE CONSTANT MOISTURE OF OUR AIR AND MOVE ONLY WHEN WINDS FROM OUR ATMOSPHERE HIT THEM.

Chamber of Chills #23, October 1951. Artist: Rudy Palais

EYES! PIERCING, GLITTERING, TERRIFYING! EYES WITH A STRANGE, UNNATURAL POWER TO CONGEAL THE BLOOD AND SHRIVEL THE SOUL! EYES WITH A SIGHT AND MIND OF THEIR OWN! READ AND TREMBLE -- AND SHIELD YOUR FACE FROM
THE EYES IN HIS HAND
MY EYES! GIVE ME MY EYES! I WILL DESTROY YOU FOR THIS -- STRIKE YOU DEAD!
HELP ME! HELP ME SOMEBODY! AIEEEEEE!
CORKER KNELT DOWN ON THE RUBBLE IN THE DINGY TENEMENT YARD, SCREWED UP HIS LITTLE FRECKLED FACE AS HE TOOK AIM.. AND SHOT THE MARBLE!
GEE, CORKER! WHAT A SHOT!
SUDDENLY THEY LOOKED UP AND THE GAUNT FIGURE WITH THE DARK GLASSES CAME AT THEM FROM THE HOUSE! THERE WAS A MAHICAL INTENSITY THAT MADE THEM CRY ALOUD!
EBBER -- THE LANDLORD! CHICKEE! YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID HE'D DO IF HE CAUGHT US PLAYING HERE!
LITTLE FIENDS! I WILL MAIM YOU IF I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

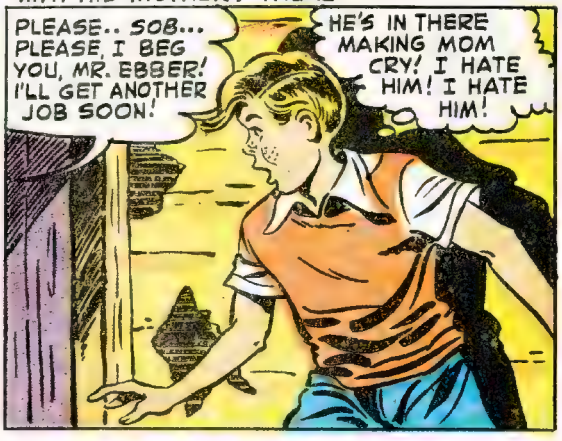
Worlds of Fear #10, June 1953. As attributed by Pappy (PappysGoldenAge.Blogspot.com), pencils by Paul Gattuso, inks possibly by Sheldon Moldoff.

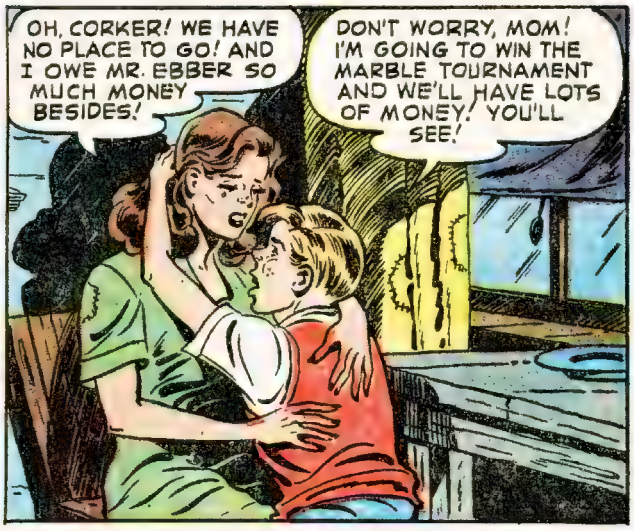

THEN, A WEIRD AND TERRIFYING THING OCCURRED! HIS FALL JARRED HIS GLASSES. THEY SWUNG LOOSE-- AND ONE OF HIS EYES, A FANTASTICALLY GLITTERING GREEN ONE, DROPPED OUT!
OHHH! MY EYE!

HIS EYE FELL OUT! LOOK! IT'S A GLASS EYE! NO WONDER IT ALWAYS GLISTENED LIKE A LIGHT THROUGH HIS GLASSES!
HE REALLY IS A HEX-EYE! BOY-- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE CATCHES UP WITH US!

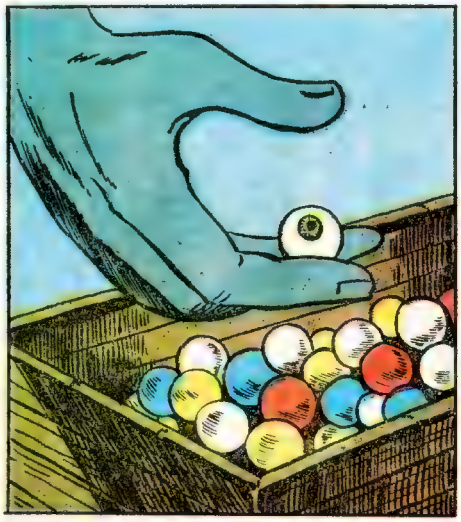
IT'S A TOM CAT! JEEBEES-- WERE MY KNEES KNOCKING!
I'M NEVER GOING INTO YOUR BACKYARD AGAIN, CORKER! JUST LET ME OUT OF HERE! I THINK I HEAR HIM COMING!

WITH A RUSH, CORKER SCOOPED UP HIS PRIZE GEMS AND SNEAKED CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE HOUSE TO THE APARTMENT HE SHARED WITH HIS MOTHER! THERE ...

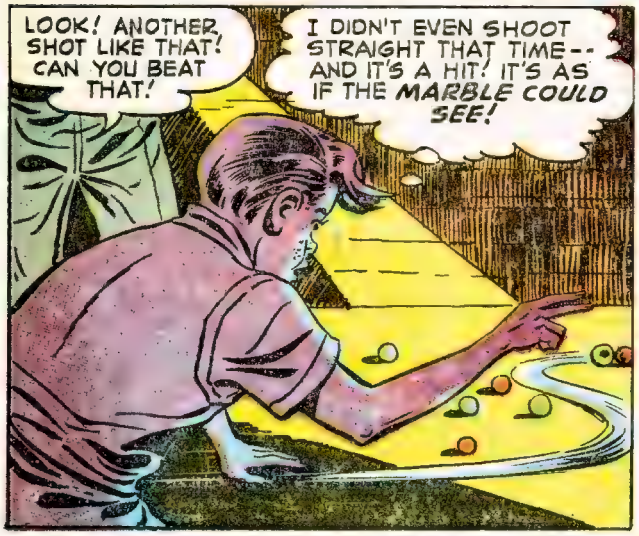


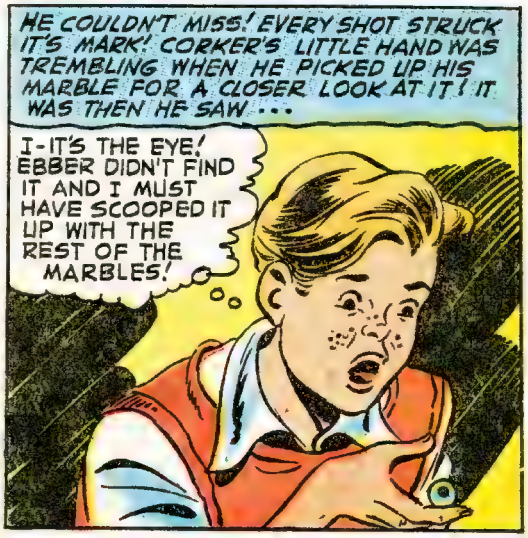

OH, CORKER! WE HAVE NO PLACE TO GO! AND I OWE MR. EBBER SO MUCH MONEY BESIDES!
DON'T WORRY, MOM! I'M GOING TO WIN THE MARBLE TOURNAMENT AND WE'LL HAVE LOTS OF MONEY! YOU'LL SEE!

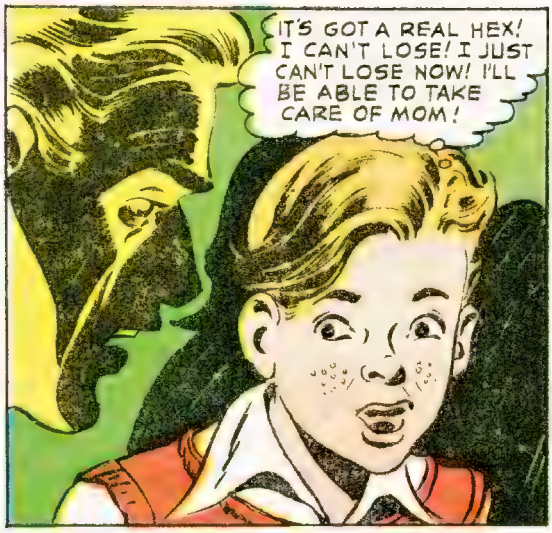
A TEAR RAN DOWN LITTLE CORKER'S FACE-- AND HE GRITTED HIS TEETH DETERMINEDLY! HE HAD TO WIN THE TOURNAMENT! HE JUST HAD TO! AND ON THE MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY-- AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE TOURNAMENT, CORKER REACHED HIS HAND INTO HIS MARBLE BOX-- AND WITHOUT REALIZING IT, CAME UP WITH ...



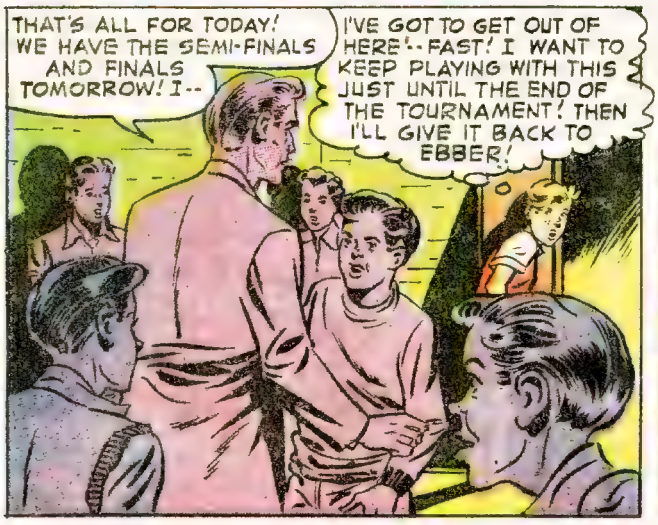
HE'LL NEVER SHOOT HIS WAY OUT OF -- HEY! LOOK! THAT MARBLE IS GOING RIGHT AROUND THE OBSTACLE!
I NEVER SAW A SHOT LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE! WHAT A PLAYER!

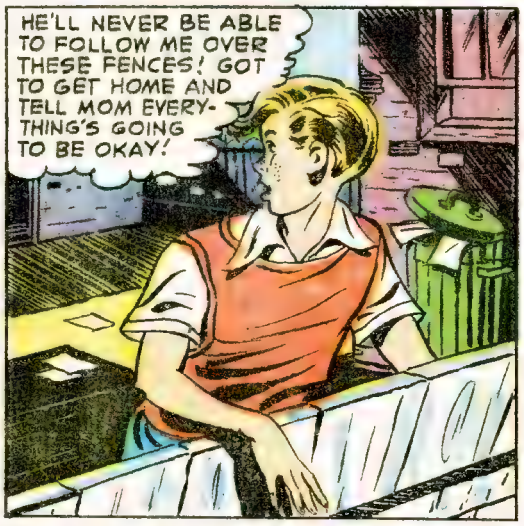

LOOK! ANOTHER SHOT LIKE THAT! CAN YOU BEAT THAT!
I DIDN'T EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT THAT TIME-- AND IT'S A HIT! IT'S AS IF THE MARBLE COULD SEE!


HE COULDN'T MISS! EVERY SHOT STRUCK IT'S MARK! CORKER'S LITTLE HAND WAS TREMBLING WHEN HE PICKED UP HIS MARBLE FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT IT! IT WAS THEN HE SAW ...
I-IT'S THE EYE! EBBER DIDN'T FIND IT AND I MUST HAVE SCOOPED IT UP WITH THE REST OF THE MARBLES!

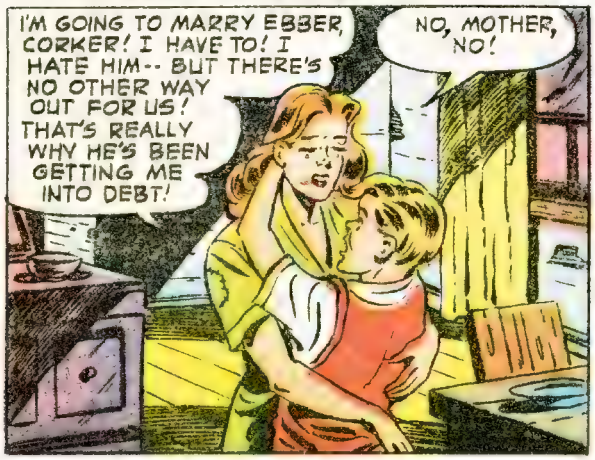


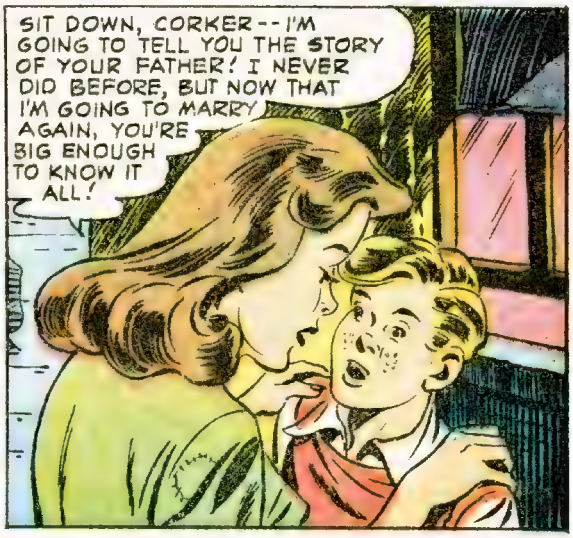
THE ROLLING EYE MOVED WITH A WILL AND SIGHT OF IT'S OWN! IT SPRUNG FROM CORKER'S LITTLE STRAINING FINGERS TO KEEP HIM AHEAD IN THE TOURNAMENT. BUT WHEN HE LOOKED UP, HIS HEART SHRUNK IN FEAR!


THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY! WE HAVE THE SEMI-FINALS AND FINALS TOMORROW! I--
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!--FAST! I WANT TO KEEP PLAYING WITH THIS JUST UNTIL THE END OF THE TOURNAMENT! THEN I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO EBBER!

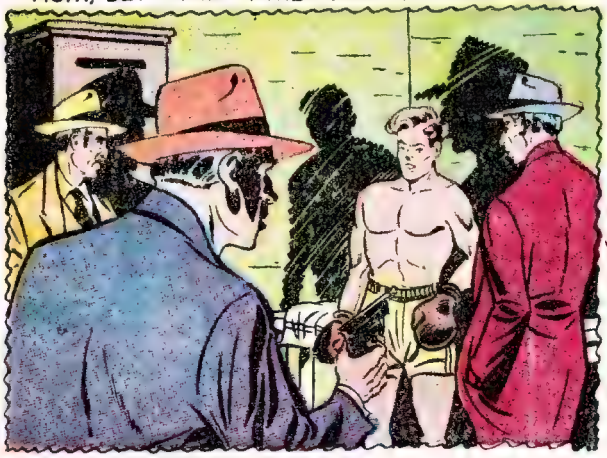


BUT THE YOUNG WIDOW HAD LITTLE HOPE AS SHE SOBBED OUT THE DESPERATE SITUATION TO THE SMALL AND SAD BOY!

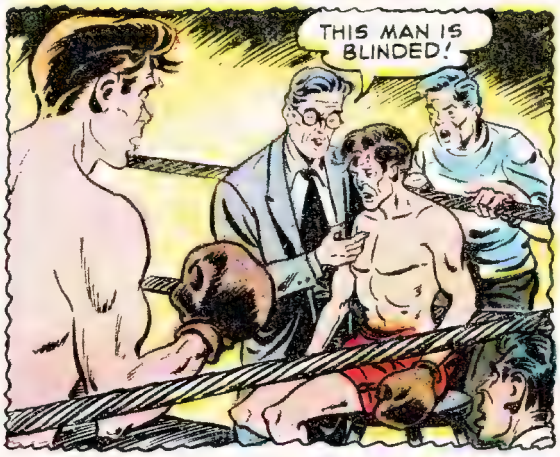

I'M GOING TO MARRY EBBER, CORKER! I HAVE TO! I HATE HIM-- BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT FOR US! THAT'S REALLY WHY HE'S BEEN GETTING ME INTO DEBT!
NO, MOTHER, NO!


SIT DOWN, CORKER--I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF YOUR FATHER! I NEVER DID BEFORE, BUT NOW THAT I'M GOING TO MARRY AGAIN, YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO KNOW IT ALL!

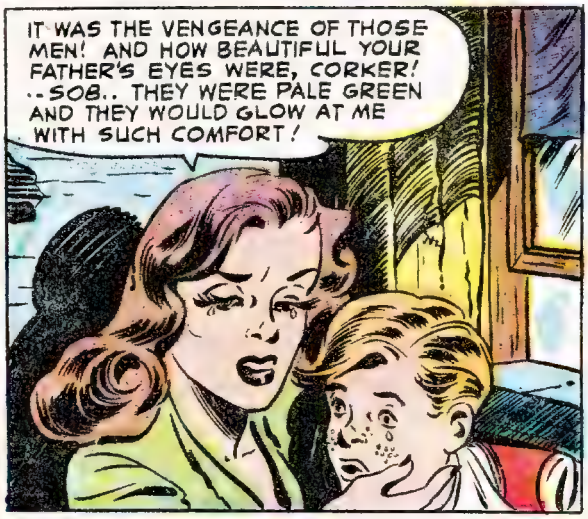
"YOUR FATHER WAS A PRIZEFIGHTER! I HATED IT! SOME MEN WARNED HIM NOT TO WIN A CERTAIN FIGHT, BUT YOUR FATHER WOULDN'T HEED THEM!"

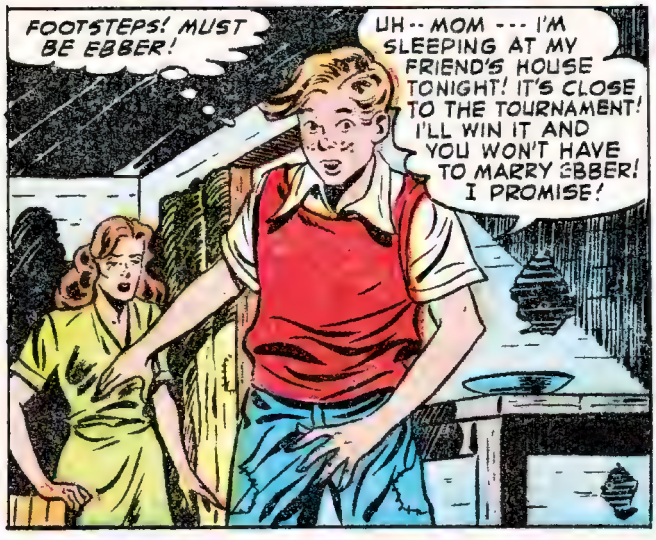


"FATHER FOUGHT FURIOUSLY--HE KNOCKED OUT HIS CROOKED OPPONENT, BUT UNINTENTIONALLY SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED!

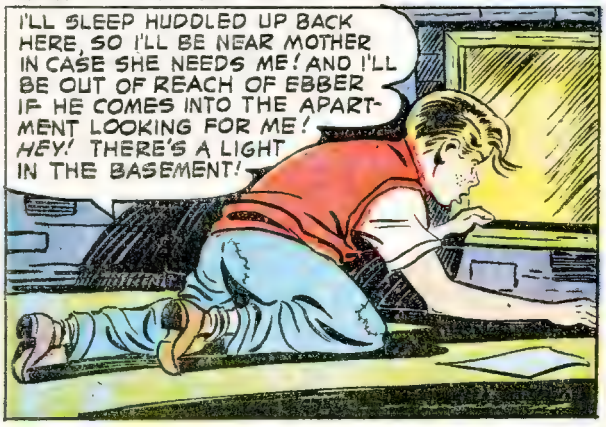


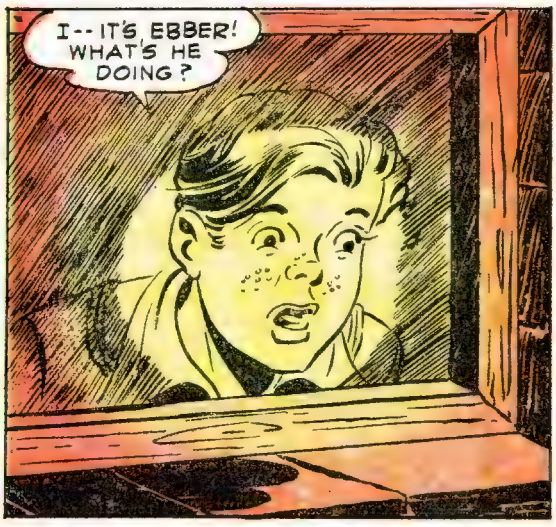
"BEFORE FATHER COULD TAKE US OUT OF TOWN, HE WAS CAUGHT BY THOSE GANGSTERS, AND.."


IT WAS THE VENGEANCE OF THOSE MEN! AND HOW BEAUTIFUL YOUR FATHER'S EYES WERE, CORKER! ..SOB.. THEY WERE PALE GREEN AND THEY WOULD GLOW AT ME WITH SUCH COMFORT!

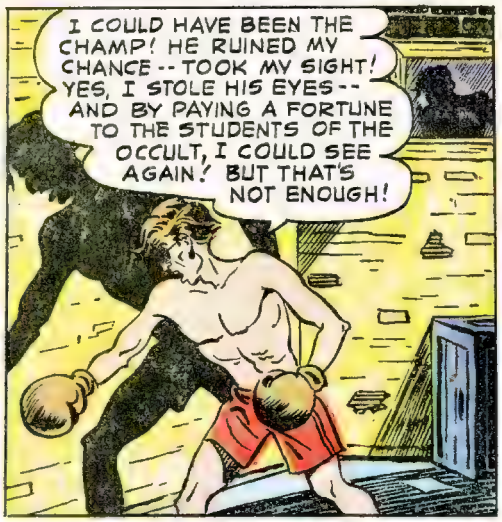

FOOTSTEPS! MUST BE EBBER!
UH--MOM --- I'M SLEEPING AT MY FRIEND'S HOUSE TONIGHT! IT'S CLOSE TO THE TOURNAMENT! I'LL WIN IT AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO MARRY EBBER! I PROMISE!

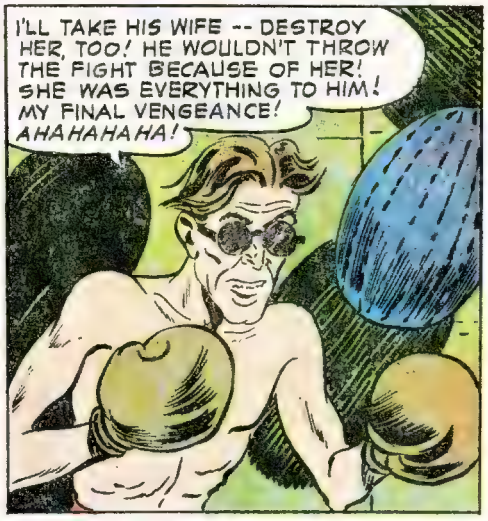
CORKER AVOIDED EBBER LIKE THE PLAGUE--BUT TOWARDS EVENING, HE DID NOT GO TO THE FRIEND'S HOUSE.. HE NEVER DID INTEND TO! BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY HIS MOTHER!

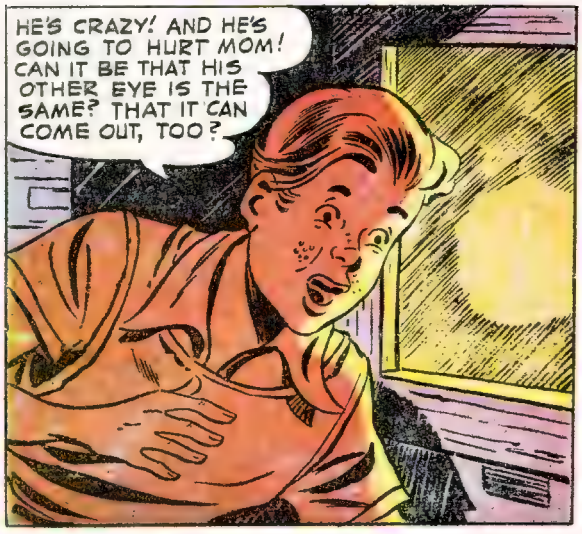

I'LL SLEEP HUDDLED UP BACK HERE, SO I'LL BE NEAR MOTHER IN CASE SHE NEEDS ME! AND I'LL BE OUT OF REACH OF EBBER IF HE COMES INTO THE APARTMENT LOOKING FOR ME! HEY! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE BASEMENT!

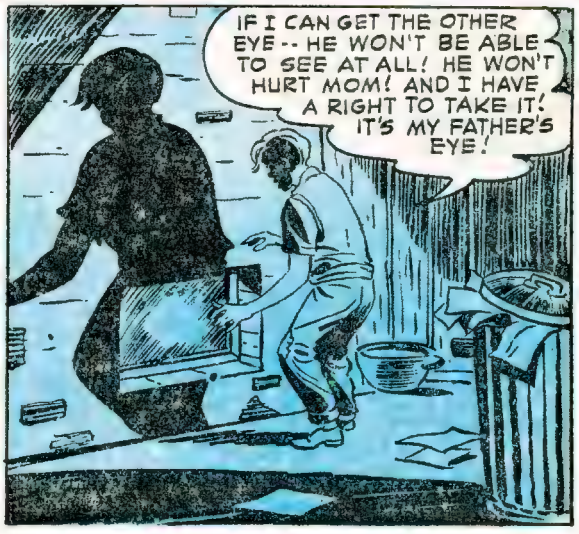


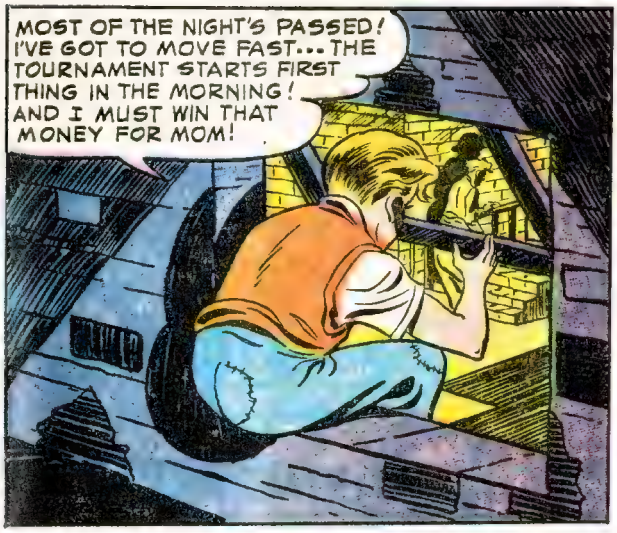
TRYING TO STEADY HIS SHAKING FINGERS, CORKER CREAKED OPEN THE WINDOW OF THE BASEMENT! HE SAW THE FIGURE OF EBBER IN SHORTS, SHADOW BOXING LIKE A MAN OUT OF HIS HEAD! AND HE WAS MUTTERING AUDIBLY! CORKER STRAINED TO LISTEN!


I COULD HAVE BEEN THE CHAMP! HE RUINED MY CHANCE -- TOOK MY SIGHT! YES, I STOLE HIS EYES -- AND BY PAYING A FORTUNE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT, I COULD SEE AGAIN! BUT THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!


I'LL TAKE HIS WIFE -- DESTROY HER, TOO! HE WOULDN'T THROW THE FIGHT BECAUSE OF HER! SHE WAS EVERYTHING TO HIM! MY FINAL VENGEANCE! AHAHAHAHA!

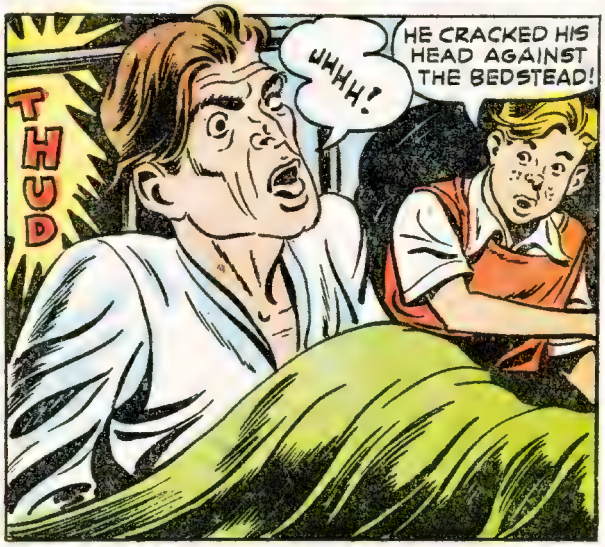


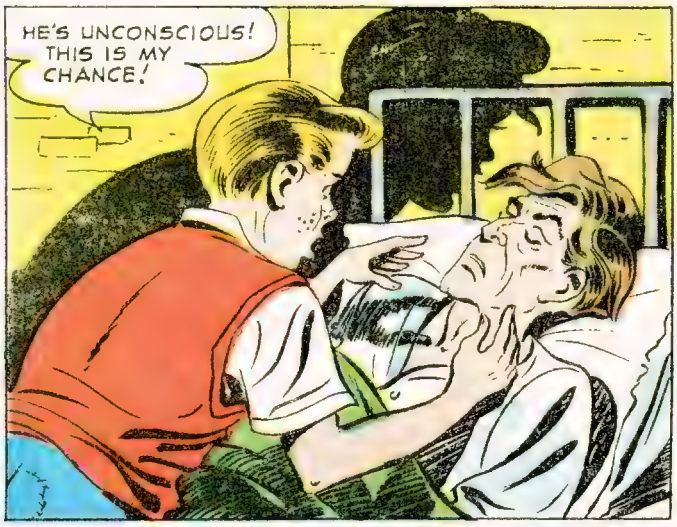


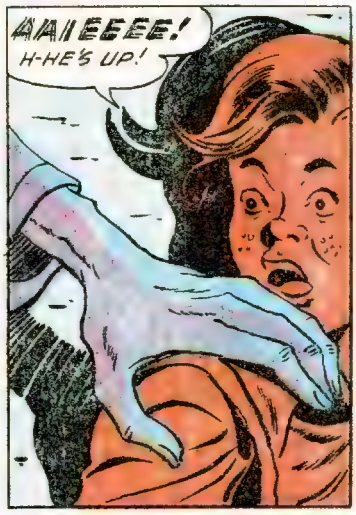

MOST OF THE NIGHT'S PASSED! I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST... THE TOURNAMENT STARTS FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! AND I MUST WIN THAT MONEY FOR MOM!

GORKER'S HEART RACED TO EVERY FOOTSTEP! HE SLIPPED INTO EBBER'S APARTMENT BEHIND THE FIENDISH MAN! THEN HE WAITED IN THE SHADOWS.. AND WAITED UNTIL AT LAST...

4 YARD AWAY... A FOOT... INCHES! AND THEN, CORKER'S SHAKING HAND REACHED OVER AND TOUCHED THE LID! SUDDENLY...
GAHHH! WHAT THE--?
HE'S AWAKE! OH, NO! NO!

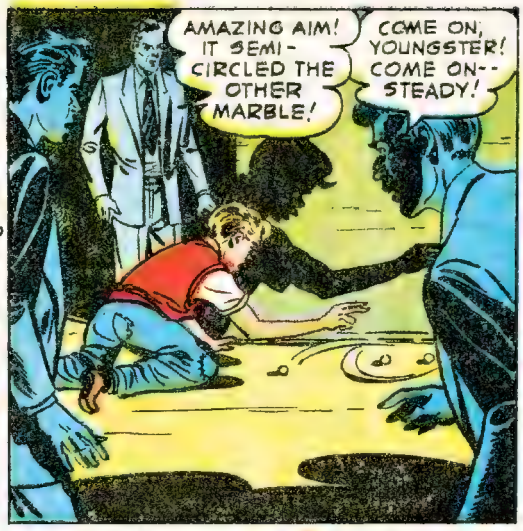






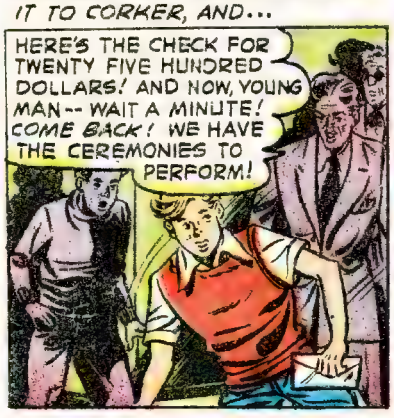
THE TERRIFIED BOY DUCKED AND DODGED THE BONY, CLAWING HANDS! THE STUMBLING FIGURE BLOCKED THE DOORWAY, AND...

CORKER FOUGHT BACK THE TEARS OF TERROR AS HE FLED TO THE SCENE OF THE TOURNAMENT! HE CONTROLLED HIS SHAKING HAND IN GAME AFTER GAME.. AND THEN, THE FINALS! IT WAS BETWEEN HIM AND ONE OTHER BOY!



I--IT'S EBBER! HE'S GOTTEN SOME BOY TO TAKE HIM HERE! I-I'VE GOT TO FINISH THE GAME! I'VE GOT TO!
GET BACK, MISTER! YOU CAN'T GET IN-TO THE PLAYER'S CIRCLE! BACK, I SAID!

THE CROWD SURGED FORWARD AND MOMENTARILY BLOCKED OFF EBBER--BUT HE WAS APPROACHING! AN OFFICIAL EXTENDED HIS HAND WITH AN ENVELOPE IN IT TO CORKER, AND...

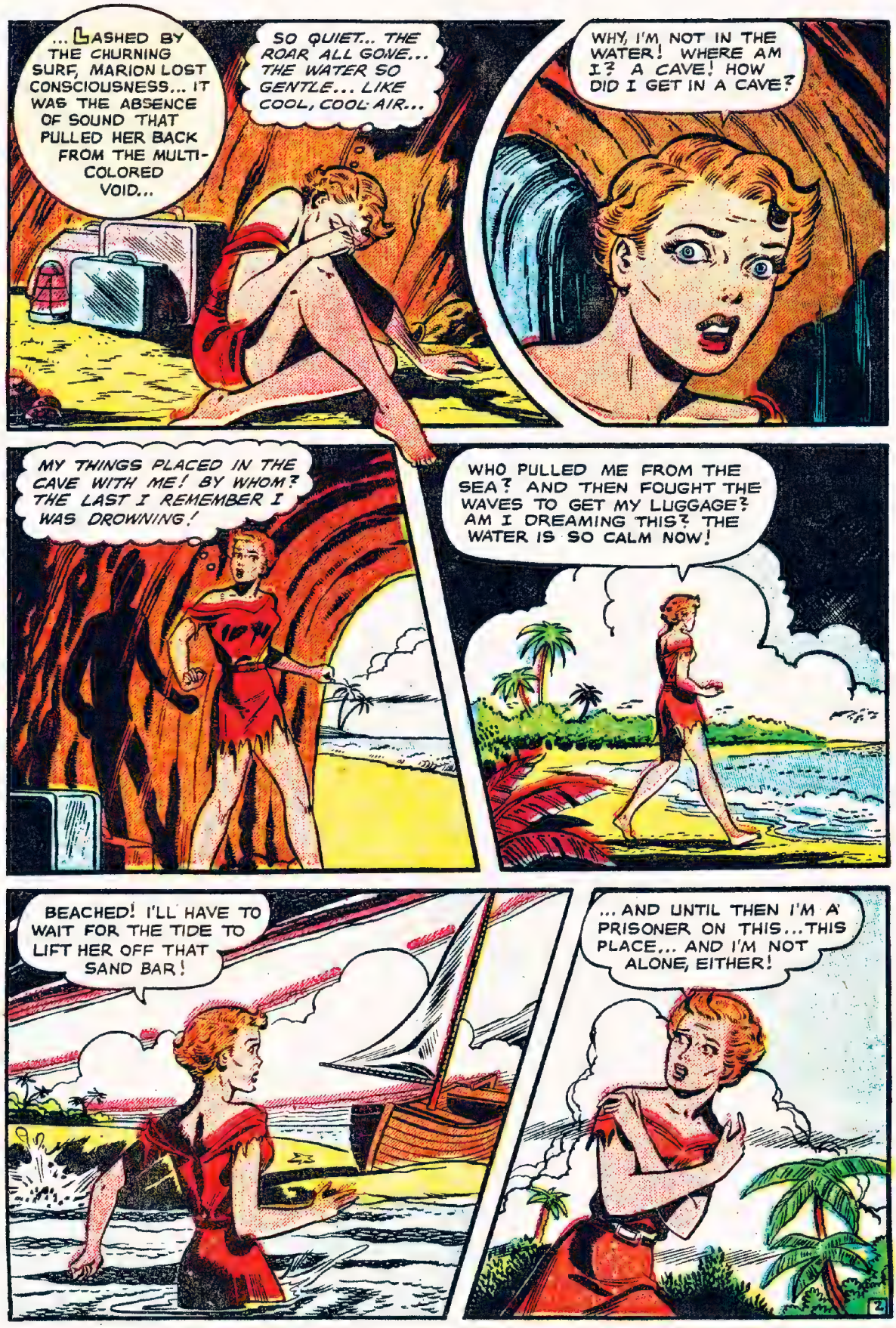

HERE'S THE CHECK FOR TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! AND NOW, YOUNG MAN-- WAIT A MINUTE! COME BACK! WE HAVE THE CEREMONIES TO PERFORM!

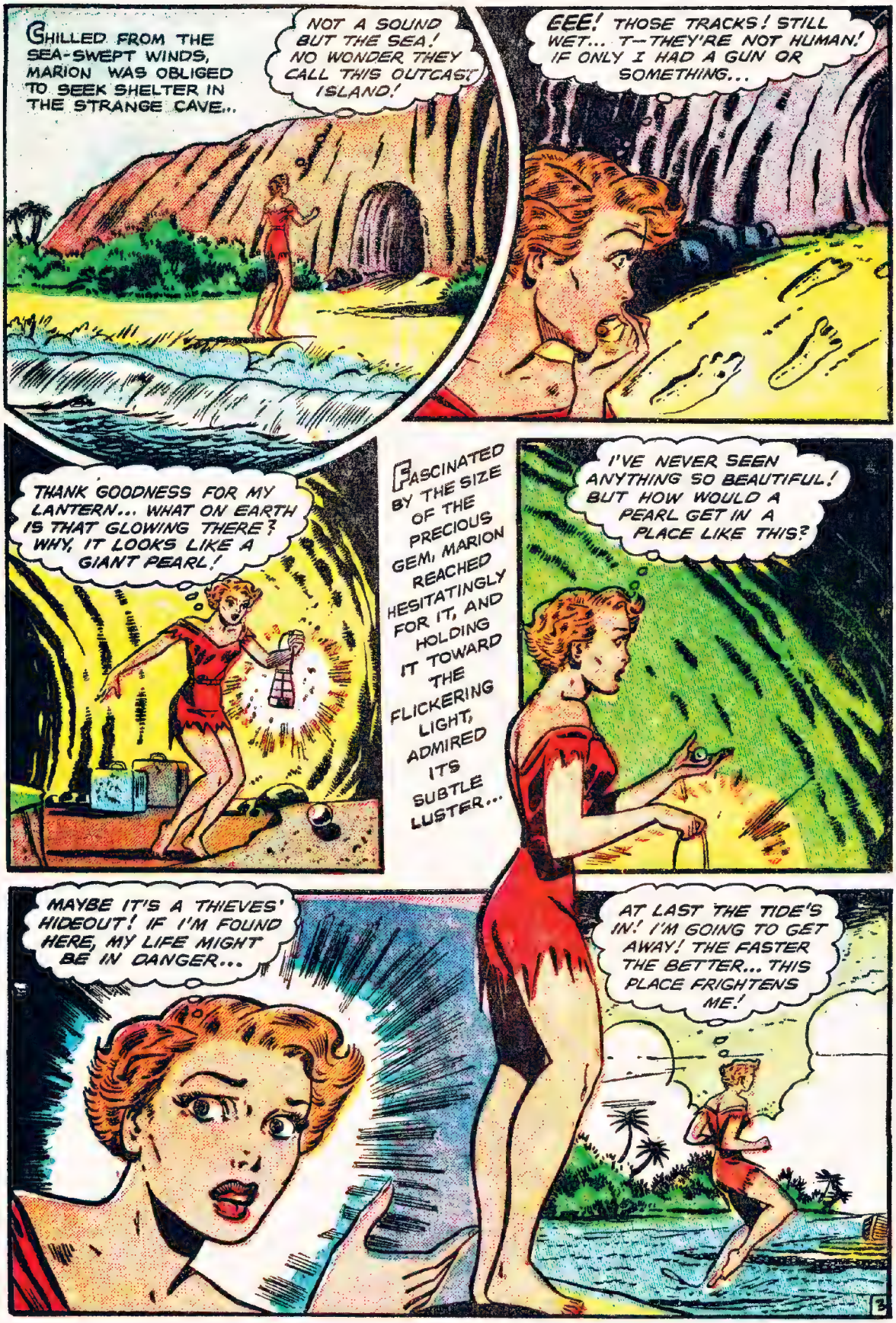
HIS LITTLE LEGS ACHED WITH THE EFFORT AS HE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME! THERE, BREATHLESSLY HE CALLED OUT TO HIS MOTHER! SHE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! HE WAS PANIC-STRICKEN!

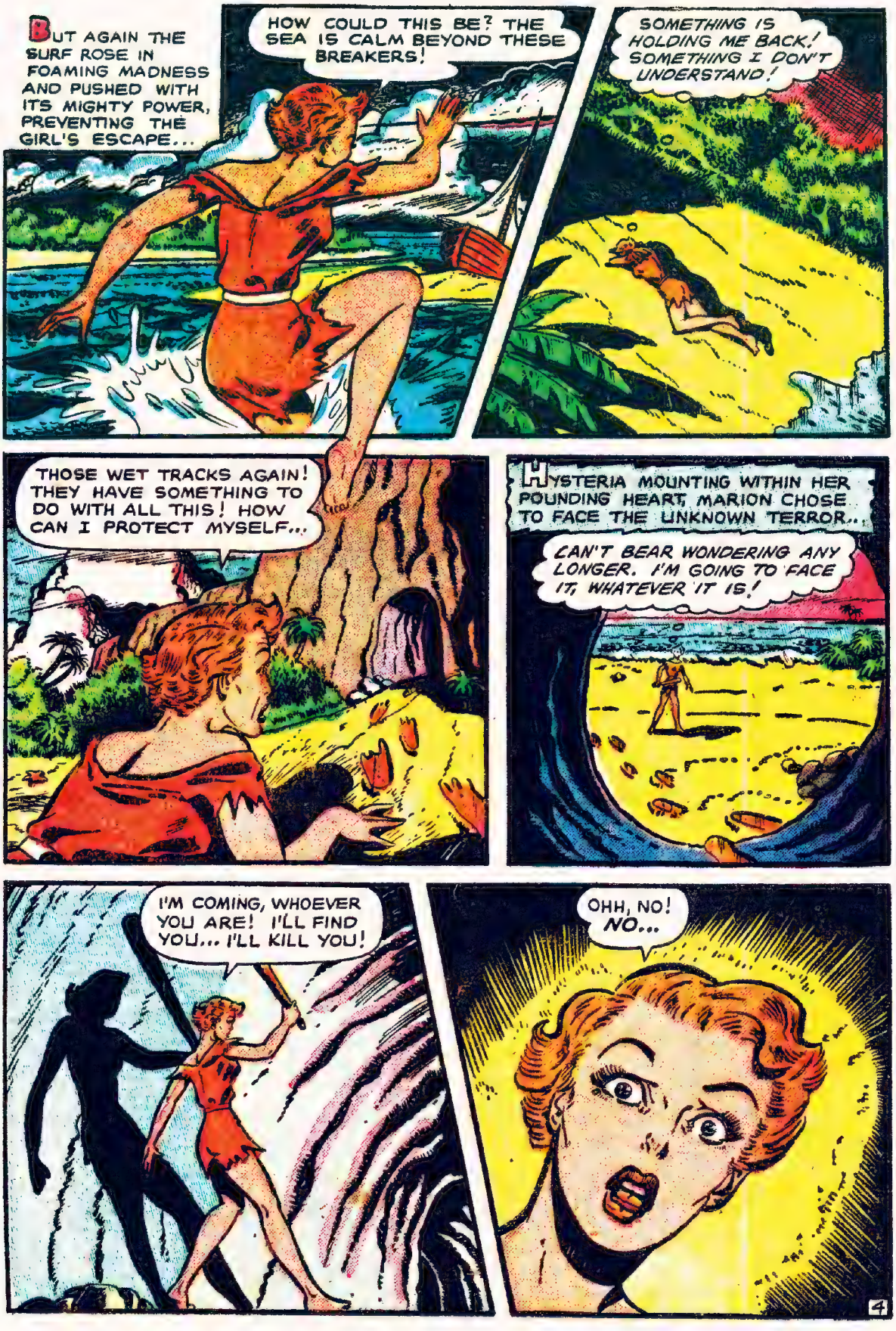
DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE ME! I HAVE YOUR MOTHER! AND IF YOU WANT TO SEE HER ALIVE -- GIVE ME THOSE EYES!
THERE! NOW, GIVE ME THOSE EYES!
H-HERE ARE THE EYES! LET ME TAKE MY MOM!
EEEEE! THOSE ARE BOB'S EYES! EEEEE!
MY EYES! MY EYES! AHAHAHA! AFTER I GET THEM BACK IN, I'LL HAVE MY FINAL VENGEANCE! I'LL FINISH YOU BOTH!
I-I CAN'T GET THESE BONDS LOOSE! THEY'RE TIED SO TIGHT!
QUICKLY, CORKER-- QUICKLY!
OH, CORKER... SOB... WE'RE TOO LATE!
NO, MOM! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HIM! LET'S GET OUT!
THE GREEN EYES, INSERTED INTO THE VACANT SOCKETS, GLITTERED LIKE TWIN EMERALD FLAMES! EBBER REACHED OUT WITH HIS HANDS -- BUT STABBED DARKNESS! HIS SCREAM OF REALIZATION WAS LIKE THE AGONY OF THE DAMNED!
ARGHHH! I-I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T SEE! THE EYES HAVE ACTUALLY TURNED TO MARBLES!
COULD IT BE THAT THE DEAD PRIZE FIGHTER HAD LOOKED AFTER HIS FAMILY AFTER ALL FROM THE HEREAFTER? WHO REALLY KNOWS? BUT THESE WERE THE FACTS! YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS!

Haunt from the Sea
IT ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS SEEKING COMPANIONSHIP AND IN EXCHANGE IT OFFERED DEATH!
MARION BANKS HAD NO INTENTION OF LANDING ON OUTCAST ISLAND, BUT A FREAK WIND CHANGED HER PLOTTED COURSE AND SAVAGELY DROVE HER TOWARD THE BLEAK SHORES...
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! NO SIGN OF A SQUALL, AND YET I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SEAS!
OHH...PULLING ME OVER THE SIDE! I'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE!

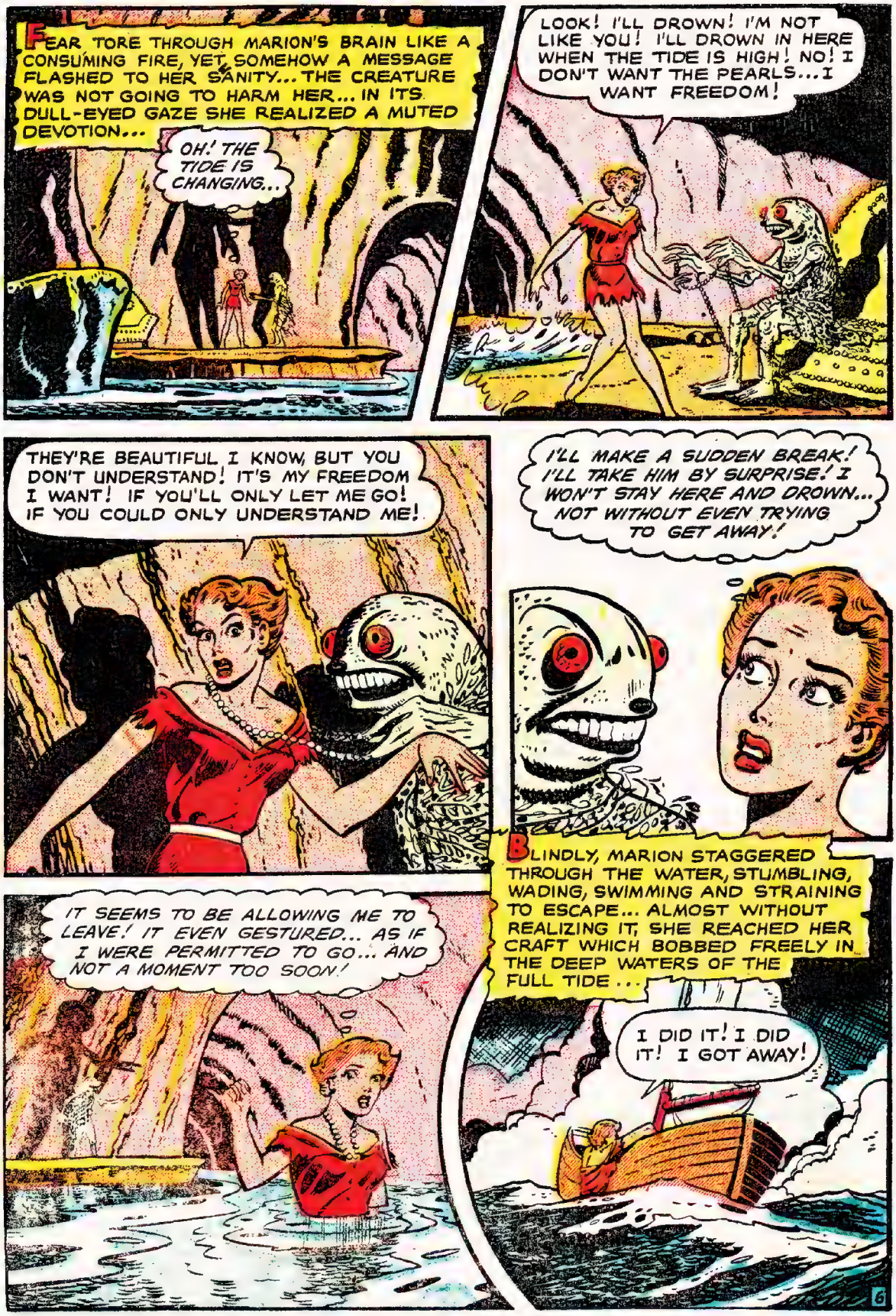
Journey Into Fear #7, May 1952. Attributed to the Iger shop.

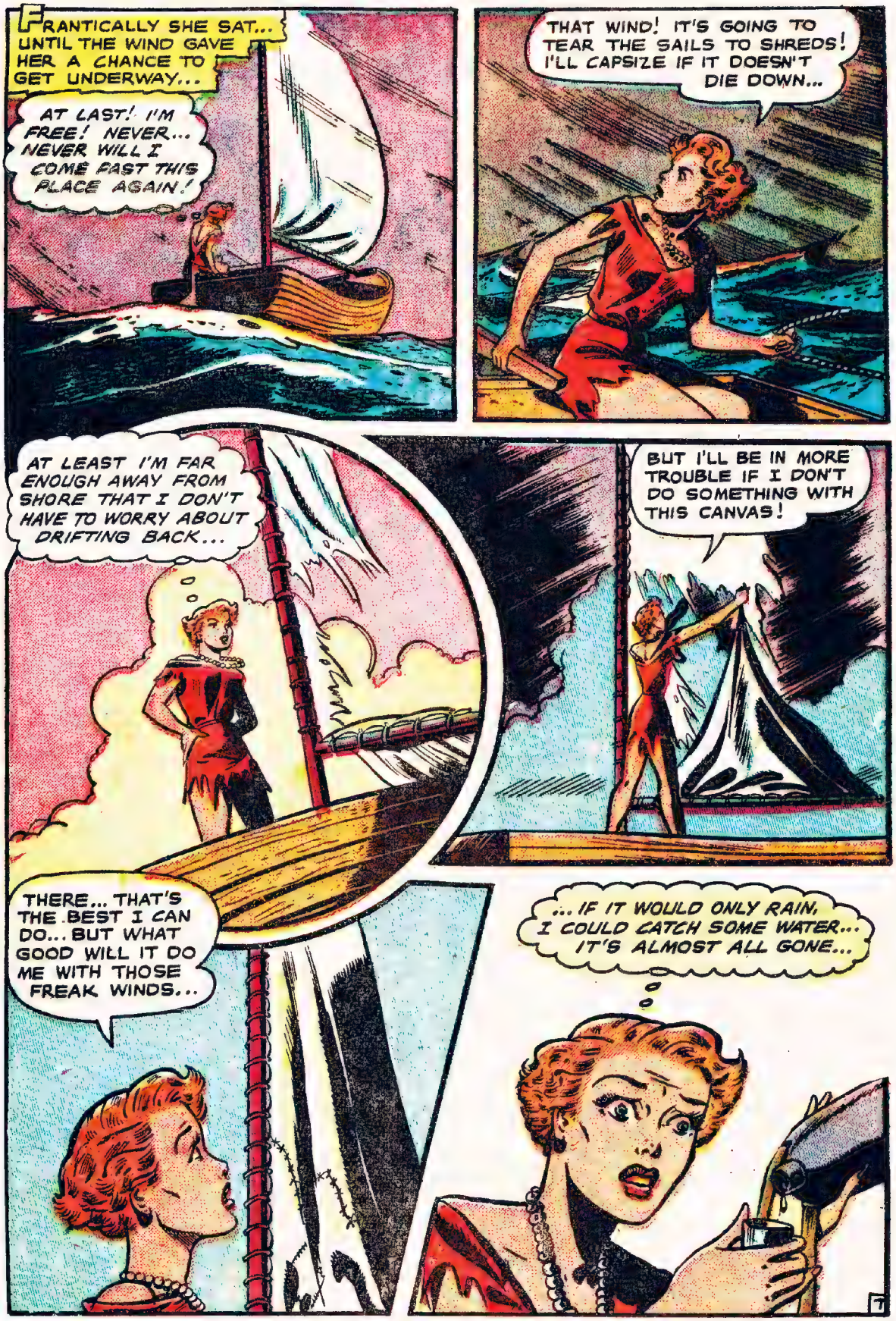

...LASHED BY THE CHURNING SURF, MARION LOST CONSCIOUSNESS... IT WAS THE ABSENCE OF SOUND THAT PULLED HER BACK FROM THE MULTI-COLORED VOID...
SO QUIET... THE ROAR ALL GONE... THE WATER SO GENTLE... LIKE COOL, COOL AIR...
WHY, I'M NOT IN THE WATER! WHERE AM I? A CAVE! HOW DID I GET IN A CAVE?
MY THINGS PLACED IN THE CAVE WITH ME! BY WHOM? THE LAST I REMEMBER I WAS DROWNING!
WHO PULLED ME FROM THE SEA? AND THEN FOUGHT THE WAVES TO GET MY LUGGAGE? AM I DREAMING THIS? THE WATER IS SO CALM NOW!
BEACHED! I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE TIDE TO LIFT HER OFF THAT SAND BAR!
...AND UNTIL THEN I'M A PRISONER ON THIS...THIS PLACE... AND I'M NOT ALONE, EITHER!
2

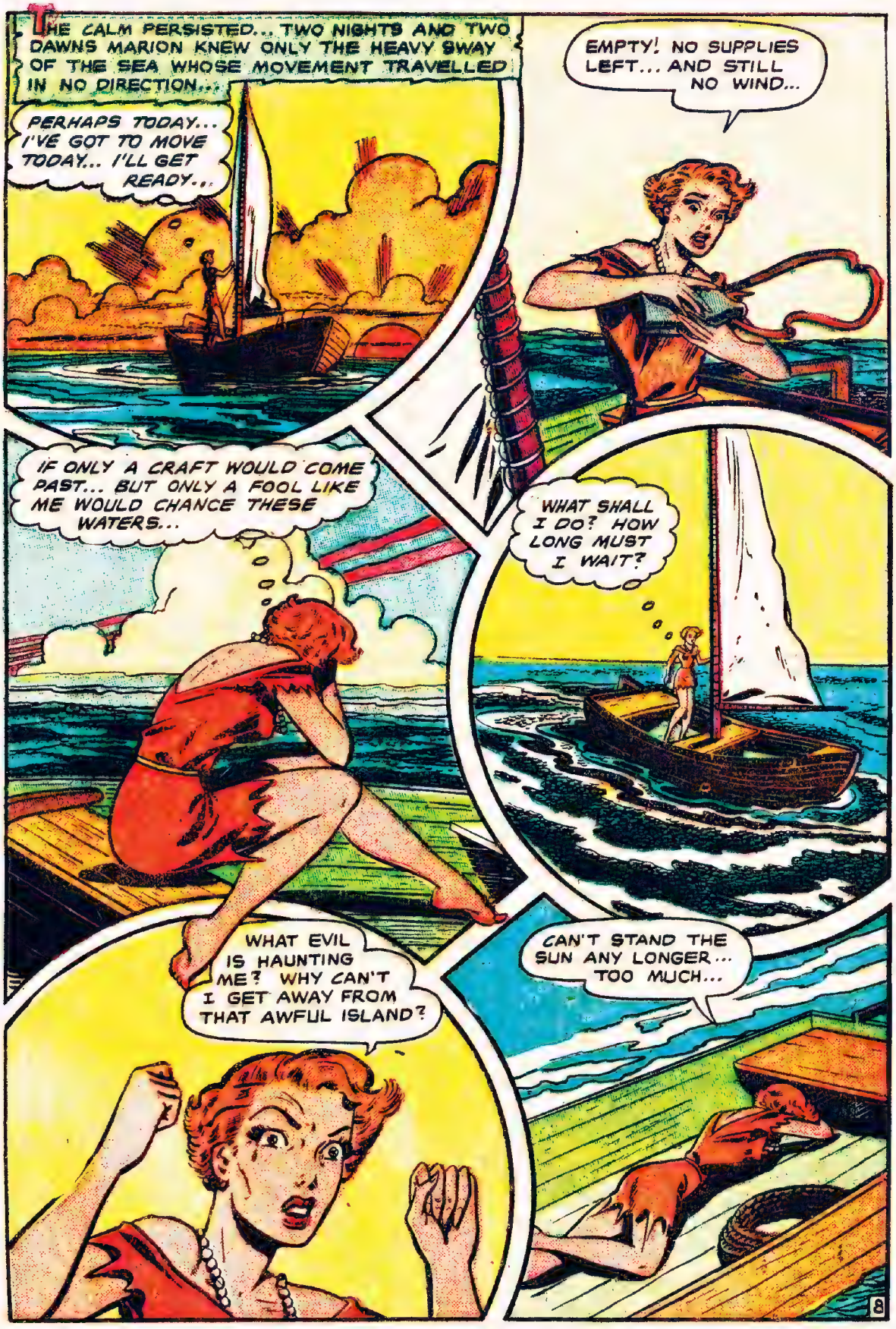

CHILLED FROM THE SEA-SWEPT WINDS, MARION WAS OBLIGED TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE STRANGE CAVE..
NOT A SOUND BUT THE SEA! NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS OUTCAST ISLAND!
EEE! THOSE TRACKS! STILL WET... T—THEY'RE NOT HUMAN! IF ONLY I HAD A GUN OR SOMETHING...
THANK GOODNESS FOR MY LANTERN... WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT GLOWING THERE? WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT PEARL!
FASCINATED BY THE SIZE OF THE PRECIOUS GEM, MARION REACHED HESITATINGLY FOR IT, AND HOLDING IT TOWARD THE FLICKERING LIGHT, ADMIRED ITS SUBTLE LUSTER...
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL! BUT HOW WOULD A PEARL GET IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
MAYBE IT'S A THIEVES' HIDEOUT! IF I'M FOUND HERE, MY LIFE MIGHT BE IN DANGER...
AT LAST THE TIDE'S IN! I'M GOING TO GET AWAY! THE FASTER THE BETTER... THIS PLACE FRIGHTENS ME!

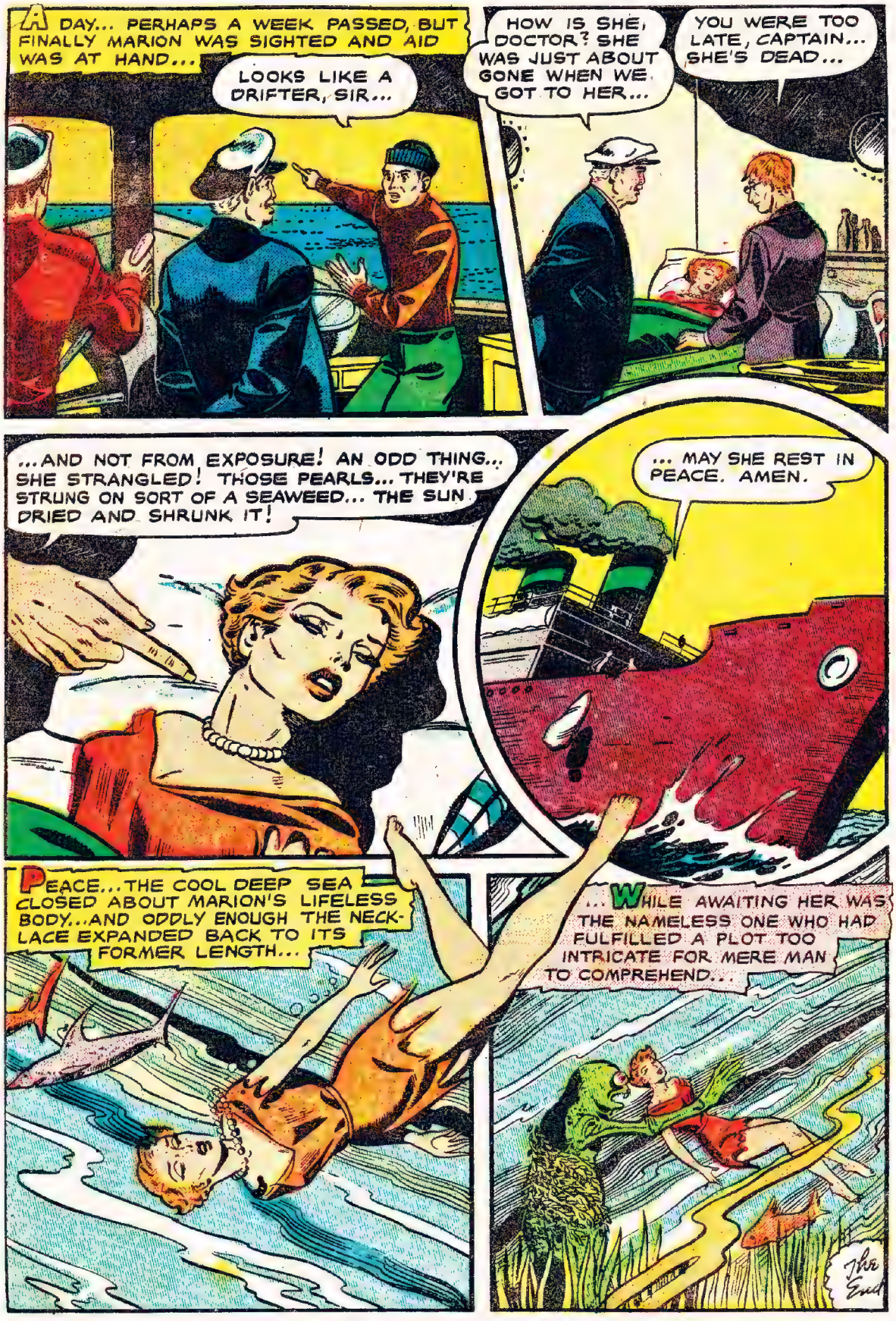

BUT AGAIN THE SURF ROSE IN FOAMING MADNESS AND PUSHED WITH ITS MIGHTY POWER, PREVENTING THE GIRL'S ESCAPE...
HOW COULD THIS BE? THE SEA IS CALM BEYOND THESE BREAKERS!
SOMETHING IS HOLDING ME BACK! SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THOSE WET TRACKS AGAIN! THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS! HOW CAN I PROTECT MYSELF...
HYSTERIA MOUNTING WITHIN HER POUNDING HEART, MARION CHOSE TO FACE THE UNKNOWN TERROR...
CAN'T BEAR WONDERING ANY LONGER. I'M GOING TO FACE IT, WHATEVER IT IS!
I'M COMING, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'LL FIND YOU... I'LL KILL YOU!
OHH, NO! NO...
4

MARION BEHELD A SIGHT SO INCREDIBLE, SHE DISBELIEVED HER OWN EYES, BUT THE CREATURE WAS MOVING SLUGGISHLY ACROSS THE CAVE TOWARD HER...
NO...I'M DREAMING... IT ISN'T TRUE... KEEP AWAY! DON'T TOUCH ME!
HELP... PLEASE— SOMEONE H—HELP ME... OHHHH...
ALMOST GENTLY THE TREMENDOUS CLAWS HELD MARION'S LIMP FORM AND ONCE AGAIN WET TRACKS TRACED A PATH ACROSS THE BEACH...
DON'T LET IT BE TRUE... WHERE AM I? GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS FIENDISH PLACE...
LET ME GO! P—PLEASE LET ME GO!
BUT HE WON'T... I KNOW HE WON'T!
ARE YOU G—GOING TO KILL ME? WHAT DO YOU WANT? I BEG YOU TO LET ME GO...
5


FEAR TORE THROUGH MARION'S BRAIN LIKE A CONSUMING FIRE, YET SOMEHOW A MESSAGE FLASHED TO HER SANITY... THE CREATURE WAS NOT GOING TO HARM HER... IN ITS DULL-EYED GAZE SHE REALIZED A MUTED DEVOTION...
OH! THE TIDE IS CHANGING...
LOOK! I'LL DROWN! I'M NOT LIKE YOU! I'LL DROWN IN HERE WHEN THE TIDE IS HIGH! NO! I DON'T WANT THE PEARLS... I WANT FREEDOM!
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL I KNOW, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S MY FREEDOM I WANT! IF YOU'LL ONLY LET ME GO! IF YOU COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND ME!
I'LL MAKE A SUDDEN BREAK! I'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! I WON'T STAY HERE AND DROWN... NOT WITHOUT EVEN TRYING TO GET AWAY!
IT SEEMS TO BE ALLOWING ME TO LEAVE! IT EVEN GESTURED... AS IF I WERE PERMITTED TO GO... AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
BLINDLY, MARION STAGGERED THROUGH THE WATER, STUMBLING, WADING, SWIMMING AND STRAINING TO ESCAPE... ALMOST WITHOUT REALIZING IT, SHE REACHED HER CRAFT WHICH BOBBED FREELY IN THE DEEP WATERS OF THE FULL TIDE...
I DID IT! I DID IT! I GOT AWAY!
6


FRANTICALLY SHE SAT... UNTIL THE WIND GAVE HER A CHANCE TO GET UNDERWAY...
AT LAST! I'M FREE! NEVER... NEVER WILL I COME PAST THIS PLACE AGAIN!
THAT WIND! IT'S GOING TO TEAR THE SAILS TO SHREDS! I'LL CAPSIZE IF IT DOESN'T DIE DOWN...
AT LEAST I'M FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM SHORE THAT I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DRIFTING BACK...
BUT I'LL BE IN MORE TROUBLE IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING WITH THIS CANVAS!
THERE... THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO... BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO ME WITH THOSE FREAK WINDS...
... IF IT WOULD ONLY RAIN, I COULD CATCH SOME WATER... IT'S ALMOST ALL GONE...

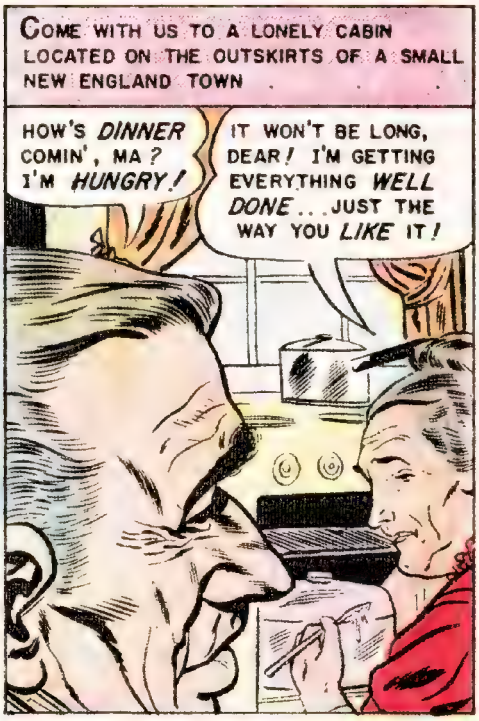

THE CALM PERSISTED... TWO NIGHTS AND TWO DAWNS MARION KNEW ONLY THE HEAVY SWAY OF THE SEA WHOSE MOVEMENT TRAVELLED IN NO DIRECTION...
PERHAPS TODAY... I'VE GOT TO MOVE TODAY... I'LL GET READY...
EMPTY! NO SUPPLIES LEFT... AND STILL NO WIND...
IF ONLY A CRAFT WOULD COME PAST... BUT ONLY A FOOL LIKE ME WOULD CHANCE THESE WATERS...
WHAT SHALL I DO? HOW LONG MUST I WAIT?
WHAT EVIL IS HAUNTING ME? WHY CAN'T I GET AWAY FROM THAT AWFUL ISLAND?
CAN'T STAND THE SUN ANY LONGER... TOO MUCH...
8


A DAY... PERHAPS A WEEK PASSED, BUT FINALLY MARION WAS SIGHTED AND AID WAS AT HAND...
LOOKS LIKE A DRIFTER, SIR...
HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR? SHE WAS JUST ABOUT GONE WHEN WE GOT TO HER...
YOU WERE TOO LATE, CAPTAIN... SHE'S DEAD...
...AND NOT FROM EXPOSURE! AN ODD THING... SHE STRANGLED! THOSE PEARLS... THEY'RE STRUNG ON SORT OF A SEAWEED... THE SUN DRIED AND SHRUNK IT!
... MAY SHE REST IN PEACE. AMEN.
PEACE...THE COOL DEEP SEA CLOSED ABOUT MARION'S LIFELESS BODY...AND ODDLY ENOUGH THE NECKLACE EXPANDED BACK TO ITS FORMER LENGTH...
...WHILE AWAITING HER WAS THE NAMELESS ONE WHO HAD FULFILLED A PLOT TOO INTRICATE FOR MERE MAN TO COMPREHEND...
The End

HERE'S ANOTHER *SLIMY SAGA* CALCULATED TO KEEP YOUR STOMACHS *CHURNING*, FELLOW *GHOULS*. IT'S A *REPULSIVE* TALE COMPOSED OF *HORROR* AND *FEAR*, WITH TWO *VAMPIRES* THROWN IN JUST FOR *FUN!* WE CALL IT — — —

ONE MAN'S POISON

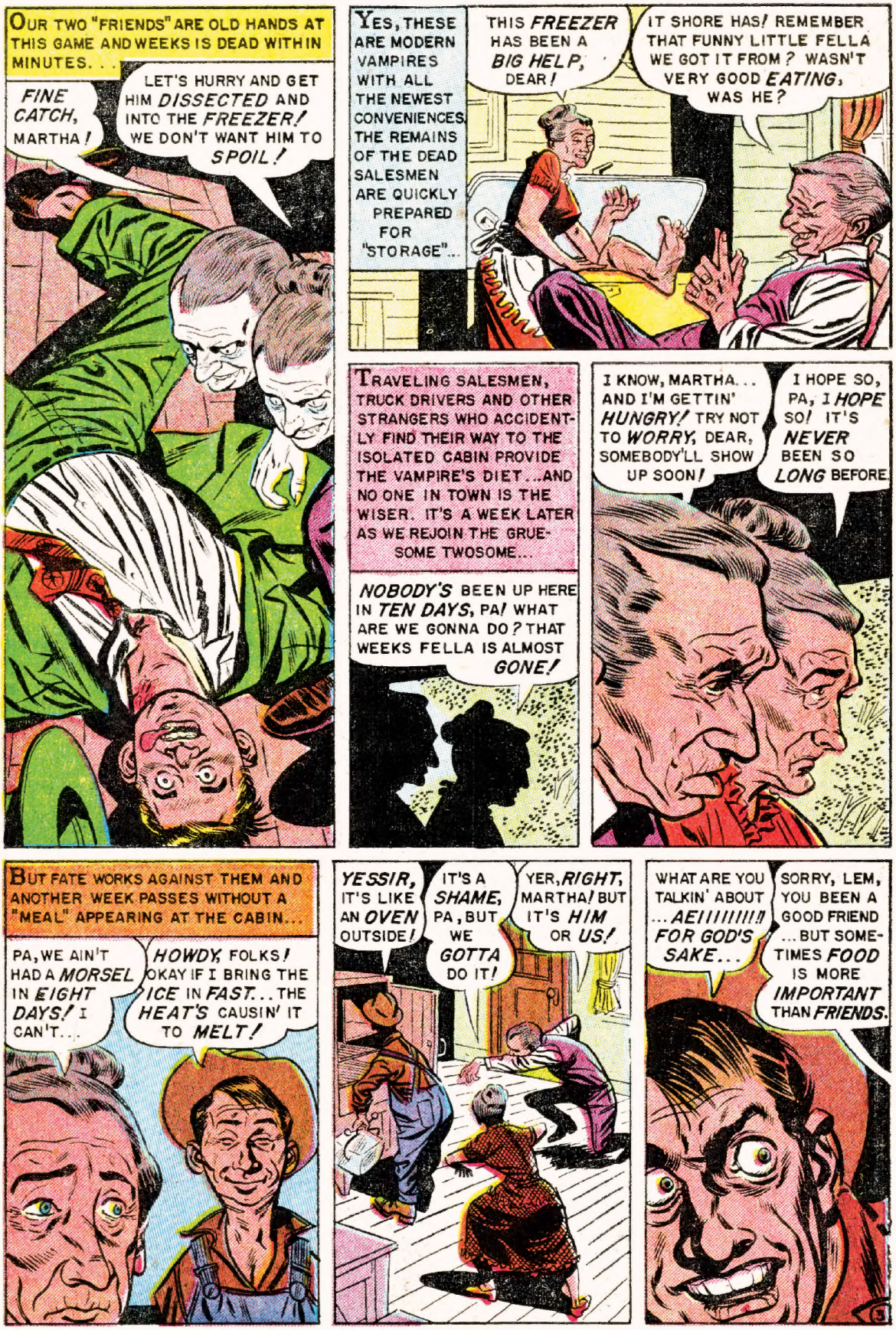
S-STAY AWAY FROM ME! FOR GOD'S SAKE, LEAVE ME ALONE!
THERE AIN'T NO SENSE RUNNING, GIRLIE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!
WE WON'T HURT YOU MUCH, HONEY!

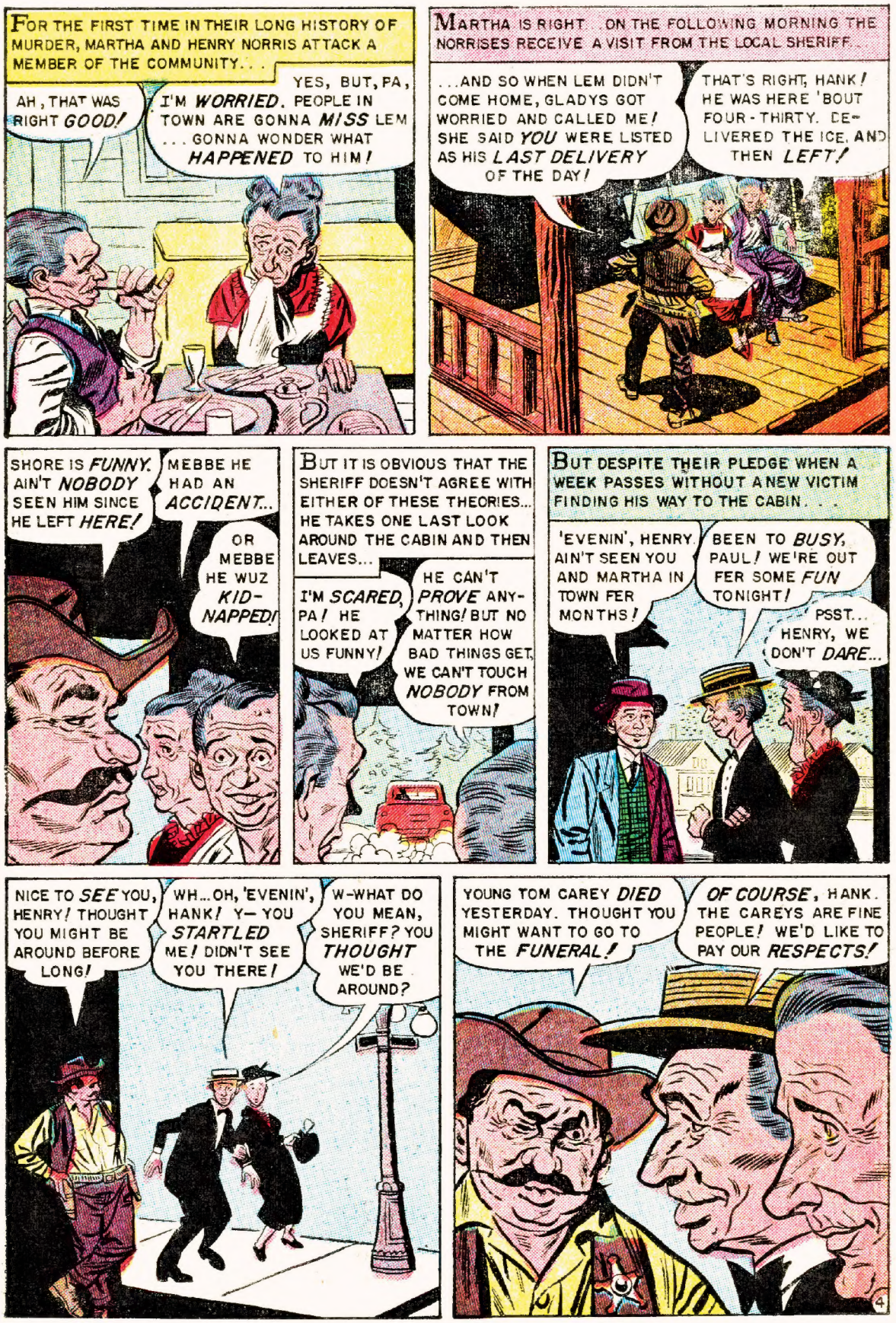

COME WITH US TO A LONELY CABIN LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN . . .
HOW'S *DINNER* COMIN', MA? I'M *HUNGRY!*
IT WON'T BE LONG, DEAR! I'M GETTING EVERYTHING *WELL DONE*... JUST THE WAY YOU *LIKE* IT!

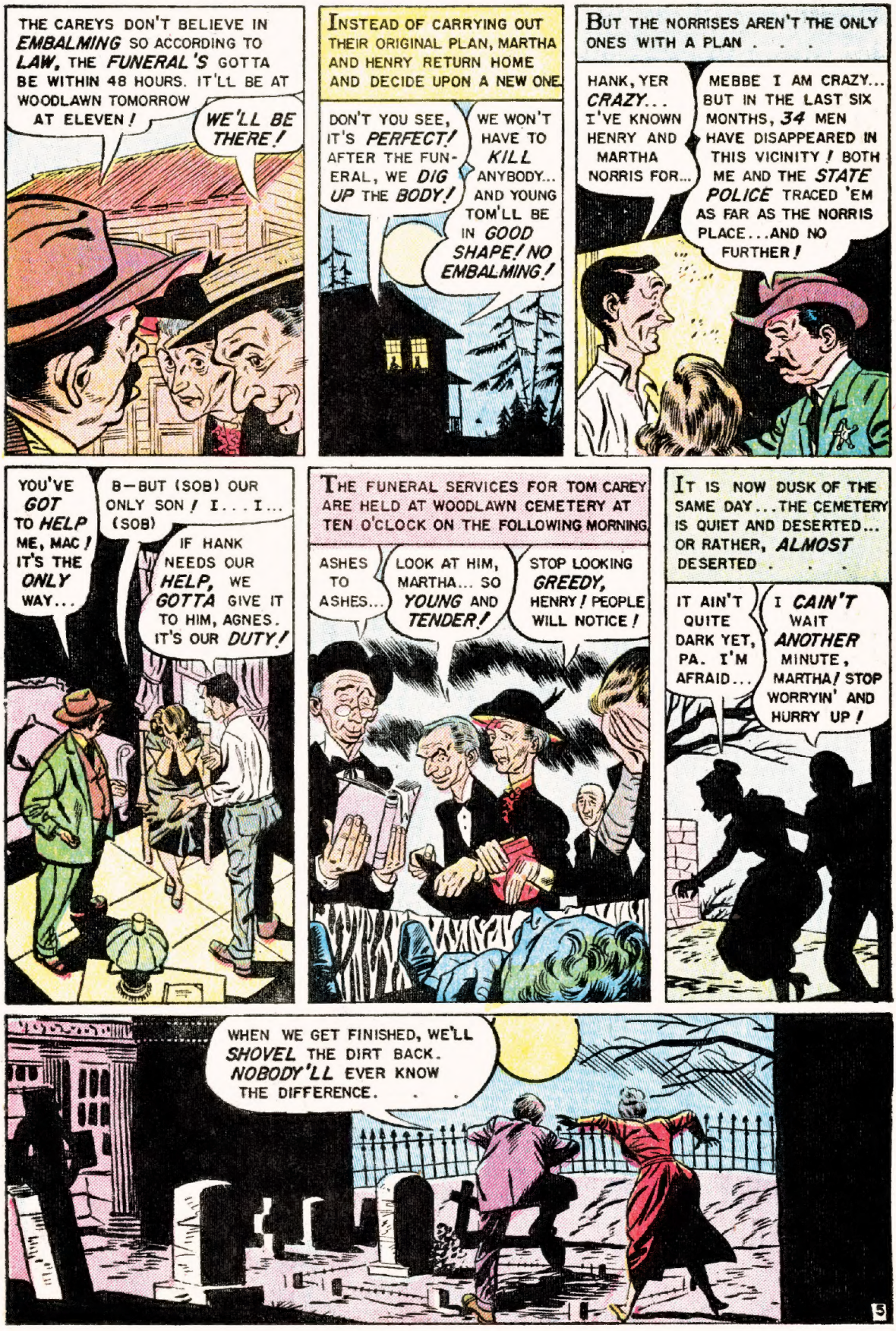
THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CABIN ARE MA AND PA NORRIS, RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS. THE NORRISES ARE WELL-LIKED AND WELL-LOVED BY ALL WHO KNOW THEM . . .
'AFTERNOON, FOLKS! SHORE *HOT*, AIN'T IT, PA?
THAT IT IS, LEM! SIT DOWN FER A MINUTE AND HAVE SOME *LEMONADE!*

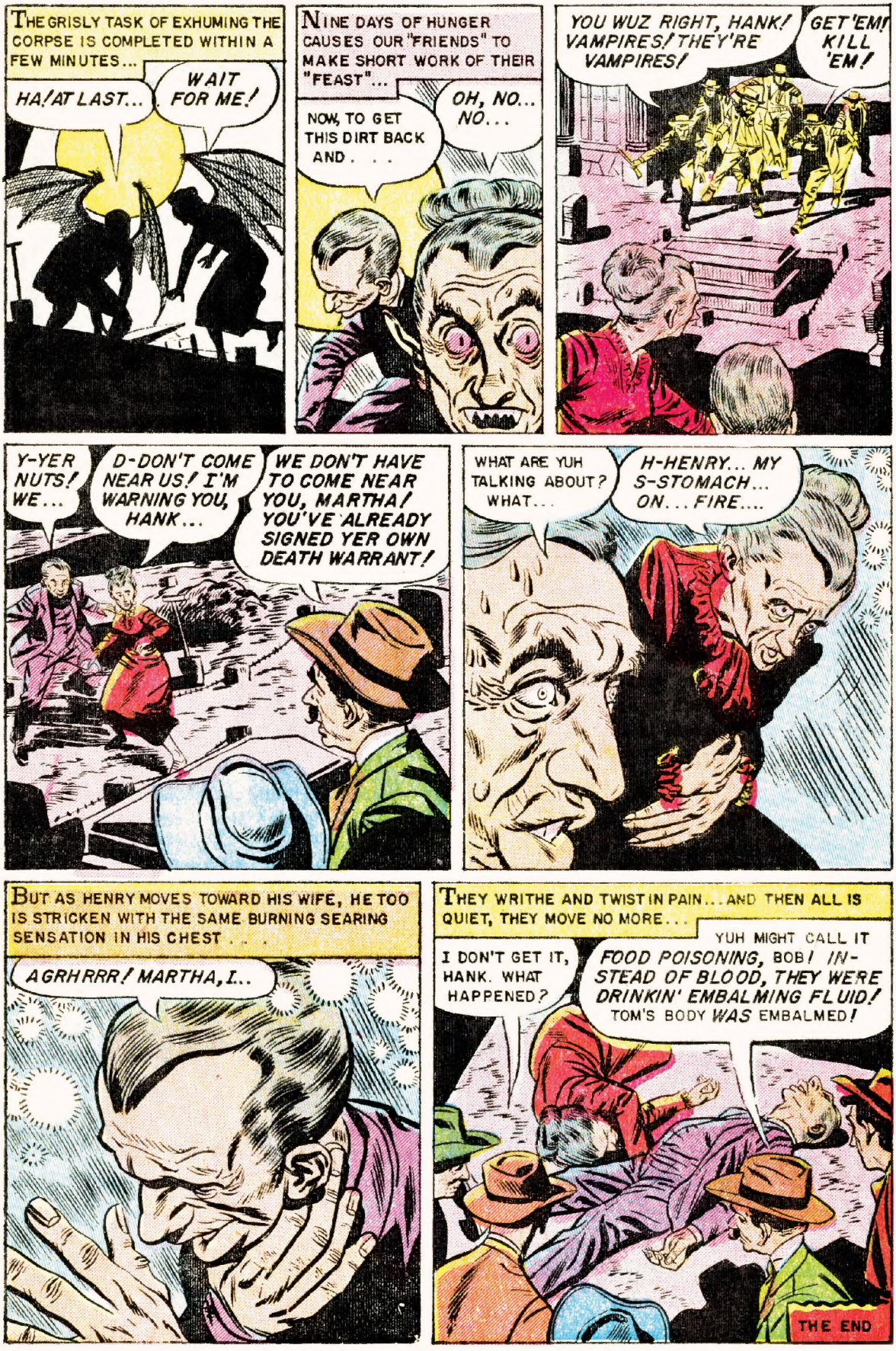
Mysterious Adventures #17, December 1953. Artist: Ross Andru

LEM DREW, THE LOCAL ICEMAN, LEAVES THE NORRIS HOUSEHOLD A SHORT TIME LATER . . .
YOU FOLKS ARE SHORE SWELL. I NEVER MIND DRIVING WAY OUT HERE 'CAUSE I ALWAYS KNOW I'LL GET A FINE RECEPTION!
THAT'S 'CAUSE WE LIKE YOU, LEM! WE LIKE EVERY-BODY IN RIVERDALE!
FOLLOWING THE ICEMAN'S DEPARTURE THE NORRISES STARTED THEIR EVENING MEAL.
GOOD DINNER TONIGHT, PA! EVERYTHING YOU LIKE . . . BLOOD-JUICE COCKTAIL, BROILED CLOTS, FRENCH-FRIED VEINS AND HOT BLOOD COFFEE!
FINE, MARTHA! SOUNDS DELICIOUS!
IN CASE YOU CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, KIDDIES, MARTHA AND HENRY NORRIS ARE VAMPIRES...
THAT SALES-MAN SURE HAS A FINE FLA-VOR! THE YOUNG ONES ARE ALWAYS BEST!
YER RIGHT, PA! TOO BAD THIS IS THE LAST OF HIM! SOMEBODY ELSE BETTER SHOW UP SOON! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH FOOD IN RESERVE!
THE "KINDLY" OLD COUPLE LIVE OFF A MAIN HIGHWAY... A HIGHWAY OFTEN FREQUENTED BY TRAVELING SALES-MEN... SUCH A MAN IS RALPH J. WEEKS. . .
...AND JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY LAST CUSTOMERS OF THE DAY I'LL OFFER THIS MAGIC CLEANER AT A SPECIAL REDUCED RATE!
WELL, I DUNNO, STRANGER. WHY DON'T YOU STEP INSIDE AND GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION?
THE SALESMAN GLADLY ACCEPTS PA NORRIS' OFFER AND MINUTES LATER INSIDE THE CABIN . . .
...AND NOT ONLY WILL IT REMOVE SPOTS BUT MIRACLE CLEANER IS GUARANTEED TO...
HE LOOKS JUST FINE DON'T HE, PA?
YUP, LOOKS MIGHTY TASTY, MA! MIGHTY TASTY!
THE NEW INGREDIENT WILL... H-HEY! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME . . .
GRAB HIM, PA!
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, MISTER, BUT YOU'RE THE NEW INGREDIENT!
POOR RALPH WEEKS DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE. THE TWO VAMPIRES MAKE QUICK WORK OF HIM . . .
LEMME GO! NO... NO...
NOW, NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED... IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN JEST A SECOND!
2


OUR TWO "FRIENDS" ARE OLD HANDS AT THIS GAME AND WEEKS IS DEAD WITHIN MINUTES. . .
FINE CATCH, MARTHA!
LET'S HURRY AND GET HIM DISSECTED AND INTO THE FREEZER! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO SPOIL!
YES, THESE ARE MODERN VAMPIRES WITH ALL THE NEWEST CONVENIENCES. THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD SALESMEN ARE QUICKLY PREPARED FOR "STORAGE"...
THIS FREEZER HAS BEEN A BIG HELP, DEAR!
IT SHORE HAS! REMEMBER THAT FUNNY LITTLE FELLA WE GOT IT FROM? WASN'T VERY GOOD EATING, WAS HE?
TRAVELING SALESMEN, TRUCK DRIVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS WHO ACCIDENTLY FIND THEIR WAY TO THE ISOLATED CABIN PROVIDE THE VAMPIRE'S DIET...AND NO ONE IN TOWN IS THE WISER. IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE REJOIN THE GRUESOME TWOSOME...
NOBODY'S BEEN UP HERE IN TEN DAYS, PA! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? THAT WEEKS FELLA IS ALMOST GONE!
I KNOW, MARTHA... AND I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY! TRY NOT TO WORRY, DEAR, SOMEBODY'LL SHOW UP SOON!
I HOPE SO, PA, I HOPE SO! IT'S NEVER BEEN SO LONG BEFORE.
BUT FATE WORKS AGAINST THEM AND ANOTHER WEEK PASSES WITHOUT A "MEAL" APPEARING AT THE CABIN...
PA, WE AIN'T HAD A MORSEL IN EIGHT DAYS! I CAN'T...
HOWDY, FOLKS! OKAY IF I BRING THE ICE IN FAST... THE HEAT'S CAUSIN' IT TO MELT!
YESSIR, IT'S LIKE AN OVEN OUTSIDE!
IT'S A SHAME, PA, BUT WE GOTTA DO IT!
YER, RIGHT, MARTHA! BUT IT'S HIM OR US!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT ... AE!!!!!!!!! FOR GOD'S SAKE...
SORRY, LEM, YOU BEEN A GOOD FRIEND ...BUT SOMETIMES FOOD IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN FRIENDS.


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LONG HISTORY OF MURDER, MARTHA AND HENRY NORRIS ATTACK A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY. . .
AH, THAT WAS RIGHT GOOD!
YES, BUT, PA, I'M WORRIED. PEOPLE IN TOWN ARE GONNA MISS LEM . . . GONNA WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
MARTHA IS RIGHT . . ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NORRISES RECEIVE A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL SHERIFF. .
. . . AND SO WHEN LEM DIDN'T COME HOME, GLADYS GOT WORRIED AND CALLED ME! SHE SAID YOU WERE LISTED AS HIS LAST DELIVERY OF THE DAY!
THAT'S RIGHT, HANK! HE WAS HERE 'BOUT FOUR-THIRTY. DELIVERED THE ICE, AND THEN LEFT!
SHORE IS FUNNY. AIN'T NOBODY SEEN HIM SINCE HE LEFT HERE!
MEBBE HE HAD AN ACCIDENT...
OR MEBBE HE WUZ KIDNAPPED!
BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE SHERIFF DOESN'T AGREE WITH EITHER OF THESE THEORIES... HE TAKES ONE LAST LOOK AROUND THE CABIN AND THEN LEAVES...
I'M SCARED, PA! HE LOOKED AT US FUNNY!
HE CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING! BUT NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET, WE CAN'T TOUCH NOBODY FROM TOWN!
BUT DESPITE THEIR PLEDGE WHEN A WEEK PASSES WITHOUT A NEW VICTIM FINDING HIS WAY TO THE CABIN. . .
'EVENIN', HENRY. AIN'T SEEN YOU AND MARTHA IN TOWN FER MONTHS!
BEEN TO BUSY, PAUL! WE'RE OUT FER SOME FUN TONIGHT!
PSST... HENRY, WE DON'T DARE...
NICE TO SEE YOU, HENRY! THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE AROUND BEFORE LONG!
WH...OH, 'EVENIN', HANK! Y—YOU STARTLED ME! DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!
W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SHERIFF? YOU THOUGHT WE'D BE AROUND?
YOUNG TOM CAREY DIED YESTERDAY. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO GO TO THE FUNERAL!
OF COURSE, HANK. THE CAREYS ARE FINE PEOPLE! WE'D LIKE TO PAY OUR RESPECTS!
4


THE CAREYS DON'T BELIEVE IN EMBALMING SO ACCORDING TO LAW, THE FUNERAL'S GOTTA BE WITHIN 48 HOURS. IT'LL BE AT WOODLAWN TOMORROW AT ELEVEN!
WE'LL BE THERE!
INSTEAD OF CARRYING OUT THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN, MARTHA AND HENRY RETURN HOME AND DECIDE UPON A NEW ONE.
DON'T YOU SEE, IT'S PERFECT! AFTER THE FUNERAL, WE DIG UP THE BODY!
WE WON'T HAVE TO KILL ANYBODY... AND YOUNG TOM'LL BE IN GOOD SHAPE! NO EMBALMING!
BUT THE NORRISES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WITH A PLAN . . .
HANK, YER CRAZY... I'VE KNOWN HENRY AND MARTHA NORRIS FOR...
MEBBE I AM CRAZY... BUT IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS, 34 MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THIS VICINITY! BOTH ME AND THE STATE POLICE TRACED 'EM AS FAR AS THE NORRIS PLACE...AND NO FURTHER!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, MAC! IT'S THE ONLY WAY...
B—BUT (SOB) OUR ONLY SON! I... I... (SOB)
IF HANK NEEDS OUR HELP, WE GOTTA GIVE IT TO HIM, AGNES. IT'S OUR DUTY!
THE FUNERAL SERVICES FOR TOM CAREY ARE HELD AT WOODLAWN CEMETERY AT TEN O'CLOCK ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING.
ASHES TO ASHES...
LOOK AT HIM, MARTHA... SO YOUNG AND TENDER!
STOP LOOKING GREEDY, HENRY! PEOPLE WILL NOTICE!
IT IS NOW DUSK OF THE SAME DAY...THE CEMETERY IS QUIET AND DESERTED... OR RATHER, ALMOST DESERTED . . .
IT AIN'T QUITE DARK YET, PA. I'M AFRAID...
I CAIN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE, MARTHA! STOP WORRYIN' AND HURRY UP!
WHEN WE GET FINISHED, WE'LL SHOVEL THE DIRT BACK. NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. . .
5


THE GRISLY TASK OF EXHUMING THE CORPSE IS COMPLETED WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...
HA! AT LAST...
WAIT FOR ME!
NINE DAYS OF HUNGER CAUSES OUR "FRIENDS" TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEIR "FEAST"...
NOW, TO GET THIS DIRT BACK AND . . .
OH, NO... NO...
YOU WUZ RIGHT, HANK! VAMPIRES! THEY'RE VAMPIRES!
GET 'EM! KILL 'EM!
Y-YER NUTS! WE...
D-DON'T COME NEAR US! I'M WARNING YOU, HANK...
WE DON'T HAVE TO COME NEAR YOU, MARTHA! YOU'VE ALREADY SIGNED YER OWN DEATH WARRANT!
WHAT ARE YUH TALKING ABOUT? WHAT...
H-HENRY... MY S-STOMACH... ON... FIRE....
BUT AS HENRY MOVES TOWARD HIS WIFE, HE TOO IS STRICKEN WITH THE SAME BURNING SEARING SENSATION IN HIS CHEST . . .
AGRHRRR! MARTHA, I...
THEY WRITHE AND TWIST IN PAIN... AND THEN ALL IS QUIET, THEY MOVE NO MORE...
I DON'T GET IT, HANK. WHAT HAPPENED?
YUH MIGHT CALL IT FOOD POISONING, BOB! INSTEAD OF BLOOD, THEY WERE DRINKIN' EMBALMING FLUID! TOM'S BODY WAS EMBALMED!
THE END